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THE GENUINE
WORKS
IN
VERSE AND PROSE,

Of the Right Honourable
GEORGE GRANVILLE,
LORD LANSDOWNE.

VOL. II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, at *Shakespear's Head* in the
Strand, and L. GILLIVER, and J. CLARKE,
at *Homer's Head* in *Fleetstreet*, MDCCXXXVI.

THE GENUINE

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Wm. Muirgrave

W. Muirgrave

VERSE PROSE



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HEROICK LOVE:

OR THE

CRUEL SEPARATION.

A

TRAGEDY.

Rectius Iliacum Carmen deducis in Aëtus, -----

Hor. de Arte Poeticâ.

Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

2

VOL. II.

B

HEROIC LOVE.

OR THE

CRUEL SENSATION.

TRAGEDY.

Revised Edition, Corrected in Manuscript.
Hors. de Arts Poétique.
Quatre A. professeurs de la Faculté de Poésie.

Vol. II.

T O

Mr. *G R A N V I L L E*,*On his Excellent Tragedy, called, HEROICK LOVE.*

A USPICIOUS Poet, wert thou not my Friend,
 How could I envy, what I must commend!
 But since 'tis Nature's Law in Love and Wit,
 That Youth should reign, and with'ring Age submit,
 With less Regret, those Laurels I resign,
 Which dying on my Brows, revive on thine.
 With better Grace an ancient Chief may yield
 The long contended Honours of the Field,
 Than venture all his Fortune at a Cast,
 And fight like *Hannibal*, to lose at last.
 Young Princes obstinate to win the Prize,
 Tho' yearly beaten, yearly yet they rise:
 Old Monarchs tho' successful, still in doubt,
 Catch at a Peace; and wisely turn devout.
 Thine be the Laurel then; thy blooming Age
 Can best, if any can, support the Stage,
 Which so declines, that shortly we may see
 Players and Plays reduc'd to second Infancy.

Sharp to the World, but thoughtless of Renown,
 They Plot not on the Stage, but on the Town,
 And in Despair, their empty Pit to fill,
 Set up some foreign Monster in a Bill:
 Thus they jog on; still tricking, never thriving;
 And murd'ring Plays, which they miscall Reviving.
 Our Sense is Nonsense, thro' their Pipes convey'd;
 Scarce can a Poet know the Play He made;
 'Tis so disguis'd in Death: Nor thinks 'tis He
 That suffers in the mangled Tragedy.
 Thus *Itys* first was kill'd, and after dress'd
 For his own Sire the Chief invited Guest.
 I say not this of thy successful Scenes;
 Where thine was all the Glory, theirs the Gains:
 With Length of Time, much Judgment, and more
 Not ill they acted, what they could not spoil: [Toil,
 * Their Setting-Sun still shoots a glimm'ring Ray,
 Like ancient *Rome*, Majestick in decay:
 And better Gleanings their worn Soil can boast,
 † Than the Crab-Vintage of the neighb'ring Coast.
 This Difference, yet the judging World will see;
 Thou copiest *Homer*, and they copy thee.

JOHN DRYDEN.

* *Mr. Betterton's Company in Lincolns-Inn Fields.*

† *Drury Lane Play-House.*

PROLOGUE.

By the Right Honourable HENRY ST. JOHNS, Esq;

HOW hard's the Poet's Task, in these our Days,
Who such dull Palates is condemn'd to please,
As damn all Sense, and only Fustian praise?
Charm'd with Heroick Nonsense, lofty Strains,
Not with the Writers, but the Players Pains,
And by the Actors Lungs, judge of the Poet's Brains.

Let scribbling Judges, who your Pleasures serve,
Live by your Smiles, or by your Anger starve,
To please you in your vain fantastick way,
Renounce their Judgment, to secure their Pay:
By written Laws, our Author would be try'd,
And write as if Athenians should decide,
With Horace and the Stagyrite for Guide.
Applause is welcome, but too dearly bought,
Should we give up one Rule, those mighty Masters taught.
Yet some, methinks, I here and there descry
Who may with ancient Rome and Athens vie;
To whose Tribunal we submit with Joy:
To them, and only them; for not to wrong ye
'Twould be a Shame to please the most among ye.

Chiefly the softer Sex he hopes to move,
Those tender Judges of Heroick Love:
To that bright Circle he resigns his Cause,
And if they smile, he asks no more Applause.

Persons Names.

M E N.

<i>Agamemnon</i> , King of <i>Argos</i> , General of the Allies at the Siege of <i>Troy</i> .	}	<i>Mr. Betterton</i> .
<i>Achilles</i> , General of the <i>Myrmidons</i> .		<i>Mr. Verbrugen</i> .
<i>Nestor</i> , A <i>Grecian</i> Commander.		<i>Mr. Bowman</i> .
<i>Ulysses</i> , Another Commander of the <i>Greeks</i> .	}	<i>Mr. Sandford</i> .
<i>Patroclus</i> , The Friend of <i>Achilles</i> .		<i>Mr. Scudamore</i> .
<i>Chryses</i> , High Priest of <i>Phœbus</i> , Fa- ther of <i>Chryseis</i> .	}	<i>Mr. Kynaston</i> .
<i>Chalcas</i> , A <i>Grecian</i> Soothsayer.		<i>Mr. Freeman</i> .
<i>Talthybius</i> ,	}	<i>Captains of the King's Guard. Mr. Bailly.</i>
<i>Eurybates</i>		
<i>Officers, Guards, and Attendants to the King.</i>		

W O M E N.

<i>Chryseis</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Barry</i> .
<i>Briseis</i> ,	<i>Mrs. Bracegirdle</i> .
<i>Artemis</i> , A Woman Attendant to <i>Chryseis</i> .	<i>Mrs. Prince</i> .

The SCENE is of the *Grecian Fleet* and
Camp before TROY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Before AGAMEMNON's Pavilion.

CHRYSES *the High Priest*, and **CHALCAS**.

CHRYSES.

SEE him I will, and must.

Chal. See him you may, but wait a better Time.

Chr. **CHALCAS**, What Time? Whose Time shall

CHRYSES wait?

Shall I, who to th' assembled Gods can say,
Let me be heard, and straight they bend their Ears,
And at all Hours, are ready to my Prayers;

Shall I upon a Mortal's Leisure wait?

I say, I will be heard, and now.

Chal. Forgive me, holy *Chryses*, Prince of Prophets;
Thou Oracle, unerring, when thy Gods
Enlighten thee to speak their dark Decrees,
But human born, retaining Human Frailties,
Your Reason by your Passion is mis-led?

To temperate Tongues, unbias'd by Resentment
 Trust your Demands ; or failing to persuade,
 You may provoke. For tho' the King be mild,
 Inclined to Good, of easy Disposition,
 Yet he's of hasty Temper, catching Fire,
 As the best Natures are indeed most apt :
 Surprise him not, nor work him unprepar'd ;
 He knows not your Arrival yet : Let us begin
 By easy Steps to lead him to your Wish ;
 And if we fail, then urge what you think fit.

Chr. Why do we pray for Children ? Call 'em Blessings,

And deem the barren Womb a Curse ? O Marriage !
 Unhappy ! most unhappy of all States !
 Matching with Sorrows, teeming still with more ;
 The vexed Womb seems to bring forth to vex,
 Producing none but to Disgrace or Ruin
 The rash Begetters. Had HELEN never been,
 TROY were safe : or had *Chruseis* been unborn
 GREECE had been well reveng'd ---- O fatal Pair !
 Most mischievous where most lov'd : Pleasing,
 And yet destroying. Not MEDUSA kills
 With her envenom'd Glances, half so sure,
 Not HECTOR's Sword has cost more ARGIVE Lives,
 Nor has ACHILLES' Spear more DARDANS slain,
 Than each of these, with her devouring Eyes.

Chal.

Chal. Well am I pleas'd to find your Soul thus mov'd
 If you can pity, sure you will redress ;
 Where Pity rests, there Mercy too will lodge.
 These heavy Vengeances that press so fore
 Are owing to your Pray'rs incensing Heaven.
 O CHRYSES, CHRYSES ! look on yonder Camp,
 Behold what Heaps of Dead, without one Wound ;
 Behold how like the Dead the Living Look,
 So near their End, that they who wait their Friends
 To the last Rites, are burnt on the same Pile :
 The sturdy GREEKS, unfinew'd by Diseases,
 That Firmly went, impressing deep the Ground
 On which they trod, with their large lusty Strides,
 Now scarcely crawl, supported on their Spears :
 No friendly Ray, to shew us to our Tents,
 But a dim Red that overcasts the Sky,
 A blood-shot Beam all dreadful to behold :
 Nor march we now by any other Light
 But Funeral Fires.

Chr. Nought can'st thou urge from this,
 But that the Gods are just.

Chal. The Gods are just, but they are merciful,
 Were CHRYSES so, these Woes would have an end.

Chr. Th'uninjur'd at their Ease, Forgiveness preach
 At second hand : But all who smart alike,
 Forgive alike : Vengeance is Nature's Debt,

And all who can, will have it strictly paid:
 Forgiveness is the Cunning of Revenge,
 A wise Delay, for want of Pow'r to hurt,
 And but Dissimulation at the best:
 Had CHALCAS lost a Daughter, thus had I urg'd
 To him, and he had heard like me.

Chal. Of all the Attributes that Jove can boast,
 Mercy's the most divine; and of all Men
 The Merciful are pleasing to the Gods.
 Let but a Truce be granted, till we know
 The King's Resolve.

Chr. No --- Not a Moment's Respite will I give:
 By Dangers I'll awake him from Delights;
 Whom Plagues shall spare, the merciless Sword shall cut,
 And who escape the Sword, new Plagues shall reach.
 None rate their Love so high, but they will part
 When Life's the Price ---- Why do I dally here
 In idle Talk? Now, now perhaps, this Moment
 The sacrilegious Ravisher's at work;
 And shall I wait till his hot Fit be done?
 Shew me the way, and let me rush upon him --- [*Going.*

Chal. Have but an Hour's Patience, Reverend
 CHRYSES, [*Stops him.*
 NESTOR is gone, and with him wise ULYSSES,
 ACHILLES too: A Council is conven'd,
 Where your Demands will fully be made known;
 You

You shall have Justice.

Chr. I will have Justice, *Chalcas*, and look to't,
For once I give your Humour way — but know
And mark it well — *CHRYSES* must have Justice,
Or *AGAMEMNON* perish.

Chal. Doubt it not *CHRYSES*, all will be amended.
But oh! how much I fear!
So much I know he loves. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Chryses and Chalcas.*

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON and CHRUSEIS.

Ag. O my *CHRUSEIS*! why these alter'd Looks?
Why weeps my Love, whose Smiles are all my Joy?
Those Eyes that wont to dance at my Approach,
And sparkle on me with redoubled Light,
Why veil they now in Clouds when I draw near?
That charming Voice, that with its chearful Sound,
So chear'd my Heart, why is its Language sad?
Why broken thus with Sighs? Thy gentle Hand,
Not to be felt without transporting Joy,
That when I press'd it, answer'd to my Touch;
Why feels it now so cold? O tell thy Griefs!
If ought there be in *AGAMEMNON*'s Reach,

Tho'

Tho' with the Price of Kingdoms to be bought,
 Tho' with the Lives of Millions to be conquer'd,
 Let but *CHRUSEIS* speak, and think it sure.

Chru. My dearest Lord, you wrong my tender Love,
 Possessing you, what is there left to wish?
 But ah! who fear to lose what they have got,
 May grieve as much as those who weep for more.

Ag. Both to your self, and me, 'tis much unjust
 To fear my Change, or doubt your Pow'r to fix.
 Arriv'd at Heav'n, there's no returning back.
 Thy Image, my *CHRUSEIS*, on my Heart
 Lies like a Shield, where every Dart that strikes
 From any other Eye, bounds swiftly back,
 Nor leaves a Dint behind. —

Chru. ——— O happy HELEN!
 Who when the Trumpets call, and the loud Voice
 Of War provokes the Soldier from his Rest,
 Holds fast her *Paris*, safe embrac'd he lies,
 No Call of Honour takes him from her Arms;
 But I, unhappy I —

Ag. ——— Dismiss that Grief.
 The conq'ring Year's arriv'd, when *TROY* must fall;
 Nine Years of fruitless Pain, so Fates ordain'd
 We should endure; the Tenth rewards our Toil.
 'Tis come, my Fair, nor shall our Slumbers more
 Be broke by rude Alarms; but yet a little longer
 And

And all our Task is Love: Close cleaving to thy side,
No Cry, To Arms! shall interrupt again
Our balmy Joys. —

Chru. — Still, still I fear.

Ag. Vain are thy Fears, *CHRUSEIS*; but they're kind,
The Gods are weary of this doubtful Strife,
And now will finish it: The Sun nine Years
Has rose and set in Slaughter, and now turns
His Face from Death, and scarce will look abroad,
But pale and sad, winks with a feeble Light
Upon our Camp, as sick with Human Blood.

Chru. Would that were all: But my foreboding Mind
Says otherwise. Ill Omens haunt my Steps,
Unquiet Thoughts disturb my Nights and Days,
I know not why: And when I meet my Lord,
Some Hand unseen still thrusts me back again,
And chides my Haste: If I but lift my Eyes
On yours, some Voice unknown still whispers me,
Take heed, *CHRUSEIS*, those are guilty Looks:
Ev'n in the midst of our transporting Bliss,
Where all's devoted to immortal Love,
In those dear Arms, where none can lie unblest,
The holy Place where Grief should never enter,
Sacred to Joy, even there my Tears pursue me,
Flowing uncall'd. —

Ag. — Well have I mark'd those Tears,

And

And chid thy Eyes, which Rapture could not dry.
 The Gods are envious sure of our Delights,
 Mankind is never happy, but by halves ;
 For, from that Hour since first I saw my Love,
 The publick Woes are dated : Then began
 Fevers to rage, and Plagues that thin our Ranks ;
 The lusty GREEKS, that wont to march to Battle
 With chearful Pace, now drag their slothful Feet,
 And but in Flight are nimble,
 Heartless our Victims are, and every Bird
 Sinister flies —

Chru. — Alas ! am I the Cause ?

Ag. Nor you nor I ; else should we perish too :
 In midst of Sicknes we preserve our Health,
 In midst of Death we live : The Guiltless 'scape.
 No, my CHRUSEIS, some kind Pow'r that saw
 These Wounds would break my Heart, gave thee to
 heal 'em ;

That when returning, driven by those Foes
 Whom I was us'd to drive, embracing thus,
 I might forget my Grievs : That what I lose in Glory
 Might be repaid in Love. — Should TROY escape,
 Should ARGOS too be lost, my Kingdoms all
 Laid waste, and Scepters wrested from my Hand,
 Whilst I can hold CHRUSEIS, I'm a Gainer,
 Within these Arms I am a Conqueror still.

Why

Why does my Love not meet my fierce Embrace
 With wonted Warmth? Why drop thy snowy Arms
 That us'd to clasp me round? — Now by the Gods
 she weeps —

What Grievs are yet untold? Thy gentle Heart
 Beats at thy Breast, like an imprison'd Bird,
 And thy swoln Eyes, like Clouds that paus'd a while,
 Flow faster than before.

Chru. Ah Prince!

Ag. Out with it then, give me thy Grievs, *CHRUSEIS*.

Chru. My Father —

Ag. What of him?

Chru. Is in your Camp arriv'd —

Ag. He's welcome then,

Fain would I see the Man who gave thee Life,
 The Parent of my Joy — By *JUNO* and by *PALLAS*,
 Those Guardians of my Arms, were *PHOEBUS* self
 Arriv'd, whose Minister he is,
 That glorious God, he were not half so welcome,
 Nor should receive more Honours from the King.

Chru. Alas, he seeks not Honours: All his Thoughts
 Are bent on Heaven, devoted to the Gods;
 Tho' in his Hand he bears a golden Scepter,
 Tho' on his reverend Head a Crown he wears,
 The Marks of his high Office; tho' to Kings
 Equal in Dignity, his humble Mind

Shuns

Shuns worldly Pomp—

Ag. So humble, and a Priest, my Love! That's strange.

Chru. He comes not here, I know it by my Fears,
For Honours, nor for Wealth: For me he comes,
To take me from your Arms, and from your Bosom,
And bear me where I ne'er shall see you more:
Will AGAMEMNON let him?

Ag. What Armies brings he with him in his Train,
That he should think, here, in my very Camp,
To force my Treasure from me?

Chru. Legions of Gods attend his pious Call,
That shoot with Shafts unseen: And O! perhaps
These Deaths that have already strew'd the Plain
Are owing to his Prayers.

Ag. — Thy Fears are needless,
What is there to offend him in our Loves?
That from a Captive, you become a Queen;
That AGAMEMNON, King of mightiest Kings
Is Slave to his CHRUSEIS; That the Man
Whom Princes serve, serves thee.

Chru. Such Honours might perhaps move other Men,
But Oh! his rigid Virtue, nice, severe,
Allows to Nature nothing.

Ag. If Honours he contemns, we'll give him Gold,
Wealth he shall have enough to ransom Kings,
I'll empty all my Treasures at his Feet:

Fear

Fear not my Love, where pride and Avarice reign,
These are sure Baits. —

Enter TALTHYBIUS,

Tal. The Great ACHILLES
With NESTOR, and the Prince of ITHACA,
Approach your Royal Tent.

Ag. They sent us Word, that somewhat of import
They would reveal, that does concern us much,
Our Honour and our Peace, and would restore
Health to our Soldiers, to our Arms Success.
Retire my Fair, nor vex thy gentle Mind
With needless doubts — Tho' Men and Gods conspire,
I'll hold thee fast — My Life, my Soul, farewell.

[He leads her to the Door. Exit Chryseis.]

Enter ACHILLES, NESTOR, and ULYSSES.

Ulys. Health to the King; nor can we wish him better
In Camps where foul Infections seize on all,
And mix without Distinction, Base and Noble.

Ach. ATRIDES heeds not that, secure of Love:
What tho' the Soldiers die, the Princes murmur;
What tho' TROY stand, so but CHRUSEIS smile?
The publick Grievs are general to all
But thee; O happy AGAMEMNON!

Ag. The King of MYRMIDONS, of all Mankind
Might have spar'd that Reproach; for 'tis well known,
Brave as he is, oft when the Trumpet sounds,

He'll

He'll loiter ---

For a parting Kiss from his BRISEIS.

Nest. What cruel Woes have Women brought to
GREECE !

For Empire and for Honour once we fought ;

But the new Mode is Women --- Curfed Sex !

Of all our Plagues, the worst : Nor will our Camp
Be free, whilst there's one Woman left.

Ag. Old Age may make us all thus Cynical,
But NESTOR once was young, and then a Woman
After the Tug of a hard *Foughten Field*,
Pass'd for a Blessing. --- But to our Business now ;
At your Request, ACHILLES, we are met :

First let us sit ---

[*They sit.* AGAMEMNON and ACHILLES in two
Chairs of State at the upper end of the Table : NESTOR
and ULYSSES on each side.

--- If you have ought to urge
Of publick Good ; ought that can heal our Wounds,
And stay the Vengeance of offended JOVE,
Speak freely Princes, --- AGAMEMNON'S Heart
Bleeds for his People : If the Gods require
His Life, a Sacrifice to save the rest,
And to atone their Wrath --- the King shall die.

Nest. Well have you vow'd, O King, and I rejoice
To find such Piety --- O JOVE confirm it ! [*Rises.*
Kings,

Kings, above other Mortals are requir'd
 To be observant to the Pow'rs Divine,
 Since on their Actions, Good or Ill, depends
 The publick Peace --- O Gods! what Crime are these!
 Whose Crime?

No private Man's, since a whole Nation suffers,
 No little Fault, the Vengeance is too great;
 And much I fear, whoe'er th' Offender be,
 This Criminal is obstinate in Guilt:
 For, mark it well, these Judgments by degrees
 Grew more, and greater daily: The Disease
 First on our Cattle seiz'd: The generous Horse
 That bore his Rider safe thro' armed Ranks,
 Snapping in sunder Darts and Spears, then fell
 Unhurt, untouch'd. --- From Beasts it spread to Men;
 The merry GREEKS, as at their Cups they sit,
 Drop in the midst of Laughter. --- As some huge Tow'r
 At which Men gaze, astonish'd at its Strength,
 If Waters undermine, and Springs unseen
 Sap its Foundation, unawares comes down,
 And covers with its Ruins all the Place:
 So look our strong Battalions, and so fall
 Whole Ranks at once, and the Dead lie on heaps.
 O PHOEBUS! stay thy Hand that shoots unseen,
 All Pestilence, all Fevers are from thee,
 These Shafts are thine, restrain thy murd'ring Wrath,
 Fo

For pious AGAMEMNON, King of Kings,
Has vow'd to do thee Justice, [*He sits. Ulys. rises.*

Ulys. Great are our Ills; too grievous to be born.
Had we a King less pious — Kings there are
Who, Slaves to their own Wills, regard not Fame.
What, tho' their People weep, their Eyes are dry;
What tho' they starve, their Coffers still are full;
Tho' Heaven by surest Tokens of its Wrath
Give warning to repent, they mind not Heav'n,
But still go on, and own no Gods but Lust.
Such Kings are hated here, despis'd hereafter;
Their Memories are curst, the Widows Tears
And Orphans Wrongs, reveng'd upon their Issue.
What Glories then, O mighty AGAMEMNON!
What Honours here, what Praise in after-times,
What Love of Men, what Favour of the Gods,
Will crown thy pious Deeds, who looking down
With aking Heart on thy griev'd People's Suff'ring,
Hast vow'd to give whate'er the Gods exact,
Tho' dear as Life, to stay their Miseries.

Ag. NESTOR, in Wisdom nearest to the Gods,
By long Experience of three Ages taught;
O were thy Strength proportion'd to thy Mind,
ACHILLES would be weak, compar'd to thee,
Could but thy Body, bending under Years,
As thy high Thoughts, TROY should not stand a Day.
And.

And thou, ULYSSES, Prince of ITHACA,
 Forward in Fight, and fam'd for Stratagem,
 Be Witnesses to Men of what I swear.
 And thou, O JOVE, the Giver of all Laws,

— [Rises, all rise.]

And PHOEBUS too, who from thy Orb above
 Art conscious to what Mortals do, or say;
 O Seas! O Earth! and you impartial Pow'rs
 Below, who judge and punish Perjury,
 Bear an eternal Record of my Oath.
 If I have err'd, and not atone my Crime,
 Whatever way the Deities ordain,
 If I obey not, as at AULIS once,
 When to appease DIANA's cruel Rage,
 My IPHIGENIA was led forth to bleed,
 Publick Dishonour, and domestick Strife
 Be then my Doom — If any other Prince,
 Tho' MENE LAUS, AJAX, DIOMEDE,
 Or, tho' last nam'd, the first of all the GREEKS,
 Divine ACHILLES, honour'd as a God,
 Be Author of these Plagues, if thro' Respect,
 Thro' Favour, or thro' Fear, I spare the Guilty,
 On me, and mine, still light this heavy Curse. [Sits.]

Ach. Then hear, ATRIDES, what the Gods declare,
 What they require, and who's the guilty Man;
 'Tis thou art this Offender — [Starting up.]

Arg.

Arg. Ha!

Ach. Nay, frown not, Son of *ATREUS*, for 'tis true:
Frowns do not fright *ACHILLES*, but provoke.
APOLLO is th' offended God, and thou
The Criminal. — But not for Vows forgot,
Or Hecatombs omitted, come these Plagues,
But for his Priest, whose Daughter's here detain'd
Against his Will. — *CHRYSES* himself is come
With his Demands, as Legate from high Heaven,
And holy *CHALCAS*, who reads ev'ry Page
Of secret Fate, and knows the Hearts of Gods,
More Plagues denounces, till she be restor'd.

Ag. *CHRYSES* and *CHALCAS* are two lying Priests:
Thou the Fomenter of eternal Broils;
And this a Plot to vex me.

Nest. What you have heard, *ATRIDES*, is most true,
Such is the Will of Heaven: But grieve not, King,
He comes not empty-handed to demand
His Daughter back — the Priest a Ransom brings
As might content —

Ag. The Avarice of a Priest.
Were I old *NESTOR*, past the Age of Love,
I might sell mine. — I scorn his proffer'd Treasure;
My Honour's now concern'd to keep my Love,
Lest the malicious World, that censures Kings
Like common Men, should say of *AGAMEMNON*,
That

That like a sordid Slave he chang'd for Gold
All that his Soul held dear.

Ach. But like a sordid Slave to Lusts as vile;
You matter not to sacrifice your Fame,
To brave the Gods with violated Oaths,
To sell your Faith, your Glory, and the Lives
Of Millions, for a Woman.

Ag. Proud Myrmidon, provoke me not too far,
Upon thy Life no more —

Ach. My Life! Who dares attempt it;

Ag. Ha! Who dares —

*[They rise, and laying their Hands on their Swords
stand in a posture of Drawing, NESTOR and
ULYSES interpose.]*

Uly. Take heed, ACHILLES, and respect the King,
Who strike at Kings, repeat the Giants Crime,
And strike at Jove.

Nest. [to *Ag.*] You know his Temper, Cholerick
and Fierce.

Provoke him not, ATRIDES, 'tis not well:
You that shew th' Example of good Order,
Whom all the Princes and the Kings of GREECE
Have chosen their Leader — For shame, command
your self.

Ag. Unconscionable Men! Must I of all the GREEKS,
Must I be robb'd of what the Chance of War

Has

Has made my Prize? I, only I, debarr'd
 Of what to every Centinel's allow'd?
 What petty Leader is there in the Camp
 Whom I disturb? When, when did I invade
 Another's Pleasures? — NESTOR, ULYSSES, speak,
 And thou, ACHILLES, did I ever wrong
 You of your Rights? or with lascivious Rage
 Force from your Tents, your Captives? Princes, speak,
 Why then these Wrongs to me?

Ulys. Not we, ATRIDES, but th' Immortal Gods--

Nest. Can AGAMEMNON, that religious King,
 Who not deny'd his Daughter to the Gods,
 Refuse a Stranger, and a Captive?

Ach. Leave, leave him to his Fate, and let TROY
 stand,
 Whom Heaven abandons, Men in vain support.
 What harm has TROY done us? Nor came we here
 But for his sake, ungrateful as he is.
 My Troops I'll lead from this infectious Air,
 And let him moulder here in Plagues alone.

Ag. Go when thou wilt; in an unlucky Hour
 Thou cam'st — and may ill Fate go with thee.
 Lead hence thy Myrmidons, to PHTHIA back,
 And plague some other Country with thy Pride:
 Or back to LYCOMEDES' Daughters — whence
 ULYSSES forc'd thee hither, to fulfil

The

The musty Prophecies of doating Priests,
That TROY, without thy Aid, could not be conquer'd;
There hide thee in thy Woman's Garb again,
And with inhospitable Lust debauch
Some new DEIDAMIA.

Ach. Had MARS himself said this —

[Lays his Hand on his Sword.

Ag. Keep in thy Rage: We know that thou canst
fight,

I am thy Witness, who have seen thee pierce [fight
The DARDAN Ranks. — So would THERSITES
Had he been dipt in STYX: Or had lame MULCIBER
Wrought him a Coat of Arms not to be pierc'd.
What Slave with an invulnerable Skin,
And with impenetrable Armour on,
Would be a Coward?

Ach. Thus I reply — This Injury's thy last.

[Draws; Nestor and Ulysses hold him.

Ag. Not so, ACHILLES, there remains behind
A greater yet --- Where are our Guards?

TALTHYBIUS and EURYBATES ---

Nest. Sheath, sheath your Sword ----

The King shall make amends.

Enter TALTHYBIUS, EURYBATES, and Guard.

Ulys. You were too fierce; and so would you be mov'd
Were your belov'd BRISEIS threatned,

VOL. II.

C

Ach.

Ach. Not all his Guards shall save him ---

[*They hold him, he struggles.*]

Ag. Hurt not, but keep that roaring Lion in.
And thou, TALTHYBIUS, with our choicest Troops
Haste to ACHILLES' Tent and fetch BRISEIS;
Kill all that dare resist, 'tis my Command.

[*Exit Talthybius.*]

I'll let thee know, by what thy self shalt feel,
What 'tis to part two Lovers.

Ach. [*Struggling.*] Thou dar'st not do it ---
By the Gods thou dar'st not.

Ag. Thou turbulent Invader of my Love
Be this thy Punishment, and learn from hence
How to respect superior Majesty.
Now let him loose, to save
His Mistress if he can.

[*To the Guards.*]

Ach. Love calls me hence ere I can take thy Life;
But my next Labour my Revenge shall be,
Tremble, ATRIDES, that my Hands are free.

[*Exit Achilles.*]

Ulys. Oh Gods! What Joy to PRIAM will this bring,
What Grief to the ACHÆANS!

Nest. O AGAMEMNON! this double Violence ---

Ag. I guess your Meaning, NESTOR, but intend
Nor Love, nor Violence, to fair BRISEIS;
Untouch'd, with all Respect she shall remain

Till

Till I have humbled this proud MYRMIDON.
But O CHRUSEIS!

Love, Piety, and Honour pull at once
All several ways --- nor know I which to follow.
O JOVE assist me in this doubtful Strife,
And if thou doom'st my Love, condemn my Life.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the First Act.



ACT II. SCENE I.

ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

I'LL hear no more,
 The faithful Dog flies at the Robber's Throat
 That would break in, to force his Master's Treasure;
 But Dogs are watchful Servants, true to Trust,
 Men are the first to prey upon their Lords;
 In Danger they forsake us, shifting still
 From Side to Side, as they can mend their Bargains;
 Are these, are these those daring Myrmidons
 That threaten HECTOR with their valiant Boasts,
 And could they stand Spectators of my Wrongs?
 With Arms a-cross, behold my rifled Tent, —
 Nor with drawn Swords, and lifted Spears rush in
 To kill the Ravishers —

Pat. What could such a Handful —

Ach. They should have dy'd, if not enough to
 Conquer,
 Each standing in his Rank, with Shield to Shield,

Have

Have made a Wall, and barr'd the Passage up.
 BRISEIS, O BRISEIS! art thou lost,
 And do I live? And art thou ravish'd from me,
 And art thou unreveng'd? O had'st thou dy'd!
 Had we been sunder'd by the common Course
 Of mortal things, Necessity and Fate
 Th' inevitable Doom of wilful Gods,
 Had made these Grievs less painful — Had'st thou
 been false! —

But thou wert true, our Loves were in the Spring,
 And yet we part: A humane Pow'r divides us,
 A Man less worthy than my self has forc'd thee,
 And I must tamely bear it.

Pat. The Gods are sparing ev'n to those they love
 And stint their Bounties to the best of Men:
 A Man, and never cross'd, would be a God.

Ach. They should have form'd my Nature then to
 bear,
 They should have made me a tame patient Fool,
 If they had meant to exercise my Patience:
 But they have cast me in a fiery Mould,
 Of Wrong impatient, furious for Revenge.
 Why should they tempt us, where our Virtue fails?
 Why do they give us Frailties, yet expect
 That we should act, as free from any Weakness?
 If Nature must resist to all Attacks,

Why is not Nature fortify'd alike
 In ev'ry part? Why are we fram'd so brittle,
 If we must never break? O had they try'd my Courage!
 Had Jove commanded more than JUNO bid
 The strong ALCIDES, he had found me Proof:
 But Patience is the Virtue of a Beast
 That trots beneath his Burthen and is quiet:
 A Man's above it, and I scorn my Load
 Which I'll shake off, or perish.

Pat. Oh Love! thou Bane of the most generous Souls!
 Thou doubtful Pleasure! and thou certain Pain!
 What Magick's thine that melts the hardest Hearts?
 That fools the wisest Minds? What Art is this
 That on so long Experience of all Ages,
 So known, so try'd a Traitor should be trusted?

Ach. Now by th' Immortal Gods, this Rape has
 pleas'd her;
 She willing went, delighted with the Change:
 Oh! She could never from her Heart forgive
 My Rage at sack'd LYRNESSUS; when mounting up
 The mighty Wall, thro' Darts, and Stones, and Spears,
 I fill'd the Streets with Slaughter of her Friends:
 Her seven Brothers, at her Feet lay dead,
 She only 'scap'd, her wond'rous Beauty sav'd her,
 And in the midst of Fury made me tame,
 Sleep, sleep ye Ghosts, lie quiet in your Graves,

BRISEIS

BRISEIS has reveng'd your bloody Deaths,
 Oh! she has thrust a Dagger in my Heart,
 I feel the poison'd Point, here, here it sticks;
 It tears, it burns, and I shall sleep no more.

Pat. Suppose her false: And count this mighty Loss,
 A Woman! and a Woman you've enjoy'd!
 Compose your self, nor let the great ACHILLES
 Be thus disturb'd about a Trifle.

Ach. And art thou false, BRISEIS; art thou false?
 Was then thy Tenderness thro' Fear, not Love?
 And didst thou, like a Serpent, twine about me
 Only to sting? And does this Parting please?
 Oh how she clasps ATRIDES in her Arms!
 So she hugg'd me, and with her darting Kisses
 Met me half way, as now she meets his Lips.
 How close she clings! and how with Rapture melts!
 ACHILLES is forgot ---- or if remember'd,
 'Tis but to curse me for her slaughter'd Brothers.

Pat. If she is false, she is not worth this Care:
 If she is true, her Virtue will secure her.

Ach. No ---- she is true ---- By all the Gods she
 loves me:
 Her Vows were just, her Tenderness sincere:
 There could be no Deceit in such Embraces.
 The Joys she felt were mighty as my own,
 I saw it in her Eyes, that dy'd away,

I felt it in her Arms, that claspt me close,
 And in the Eagerness of every Kiss,
 Love could not be dissembled in those Moments.
 But what's her Love, her Virtue, or her Truth?
 The Ravisher has caught her, she must yield:
 O how that Image stings! Now, now he drags her,
 His lustful Arm, strong twisted in her Hair,
 In his right Hand, with his drawn Sword he threatens;
 See! she resists — and with her tender Nails
 She tears his Cheeks, and struggles out of Breath;
 On Heaven she calls, on her ACHILLES calls,
 Help! help! she cries, I can resist no longer,
 The Ravisher's too strong, and Innocence
 Too weak for Lust — Help! help! ACHILLES, help!
 Arm, arm, PATROCLUS, let our Squadrons move,
 Draw ev'ry Sword to save my ravish'd Love;
 Nor leave the Slaughter till the Tyrant lies
 Struck to the Ground, and cut to pieces dies.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES.
 TALTHYBIUS *whispering to the King*

Ag. 'Tis well, TALTHYBIUS — be it your Care
 To see all fitting Honours paid; we would

Seem

Seem just, not terrible : And tho' our Heart
Be shut to any other Love, the Sex
Commands Respect. --- NESTOR, King of PYLE,
What says the holy Man? [Exit Talthybius.

Nest. He'll not be mov'd.

Ag. But did you press him with your utmost Art,
With all that Force of famous Eloquence
As I have heard you when the Squadrons fly,
Stop Armies in a Rout; make Cowards turn
And run on certain Death?

Nest. All that was fit, I said.

Ag. And did you tell him of my wondrous Love,
How much I grieve but at this Name of parting?
That I'd to ARGOS send her crown'd my Queen,
That she should reign in CLYTEMNESTRA's stead,
That I would give him all the Wealth of GREECE,
Empty my Coffers, ransack Kingdoms for him —

Nest. [*aside.*] Half the Price might purchase the
whole Sex.

Ag. And did you weep, my NESTOR, could you weep
For sad ATRIDES? Down thy reverend Cheeks
Flow'd the round Drops? Did you add Tears to
Words?

Nest. I wept indeed —

[*Aside.*] For a new HELEN born.

That brings more Woes to GREECE.

Ag. Inhuman Priest! Why have the Gods such
Servants?

The Gods are merciful——but Priests are bloody,
Peevish, hard-hearted, positive and proud;
Curst obstinate old Man!

[*Apart to ULYSSES.*]

A Word, ULYSSES——Saw you CHRUSEIS;

Ulys. I did as you commanded, and inform'd her
Of this hard Decree——I would I had not.

Ag. Thou art a Judge of Tendernefs, ULYSSES,
The fair PENELOPE, whom thou hast left,
Oft gives thee waking Thoughts——Oh! if to part,
Tho' but to meet again, be such a Pain,
What is't to part for ever?
How bore she the surprising Sentence?

Ulys. At first she wept; and as we see the Sun
Shine thro' a Shower, so look'd her beauteous Eyes
Casting forth Light and Tears together.

Ag. You told it not as a thing fixt and certain.

Ulys. Not wholly fixt, but scarce to be avoided.
To Tears succeeded Rage, like Claps of Thunder,
And then a Calm.--- I left her in a Swoon.

Ag. Oh my torn Heart!

Enter CHRUSEIS.

Chru. And must we part? ATRIDES, must we part?
And

And do you say it? Has your Tongue pronounc'd
 The Sentence of my Death? have you consented?
 Oh AGAMEMNON! all my Fears were true,
 My Hopes were false, built on your faithless Vows;
 'Tis scarce an Hour, since with your Lips to mine,
 Pressing my Body in your eager Arms,
 You swore, and call'd down ev'ry God to witness
 That nothing ever should divide our Loves;
 And the next News, is, That we part for ever.

Ag. What will the Fates do with me!

Chru. The GREEKS, the GREEKS will have it

CHALCAS has dreamt,

NESTOR has made a Speech, ACHILLES frown'd,
 And mighty AGAMEMNON must obey!
 Has then this Leader of the World in Arms
 No Will, no Reason of his own? Must he,
 Who governs all, by every one be govern'd?
 Had PARIS thus, PARIS, who was no King,
 No General, of no Authority,
 Had he for a few Threats resign'd his HELEN,
 TROY had been freed from Danger: PRIAM wept,
 CASSANDRA prophesy'd, and HECTOR rag'd:
 The People cry'd aloud to give her back,
 The furious GREEKS with Fire and Sword demand her,
 Burn, burn, said he, proud City, ILIUM fall,
 Father, Brothers, Country; perish all;

But

But still be HELEN mine, my Love be mine.
 Has PARIS then more Love than AGAMEMNON,
 More Courage to look Danger in the Face,
 Or I less Charms, to make my Lover bold ?

[AGAMEMNON stands silent, seeming in great Distraction of Thought, and looking sometimes stedfastly upon her.]

Nest. Were AGAMEMNON but a private Man
 So might he love ; and to a Woman's Arms
 Resign all other Care : Tho' that be Weakness.
 But for a King, who has the Charge of Nations,
 Entrusted with the Glory of his People,
 Of many Kings, Confederates in his Quarrel,
 The Vengeance of the Gods —

Chru. Why should the Gods be angry at our Loves ?
 I leave no Husband, no Pollution bring,
 I am no HELEN.

Ulys. The Gods are absolute ; whate'er they will
 Must be obey'd. Nor ought we ask the Cause.
 See how he stands distracted with his Thoughts,
 This way, and that way, moving in his Mind ;
 Oh ! let him take the Path that Honour leads,
 And veil those Eyes that break his Heart with Doubts.

Chru. My Glory is offended at his Doubts,
 Nor shall the Man who had my Leave to love,
 Forsake me till I please. Try all your Arts,

Plot,

Plot, plot, ULYSSES; and thou NESTOR, tempt him
 With all the Strength of pow'rful Eloquence;
 Join GREEKS and Heaven, Ambition, Piety,
 Like the Gods tugging at the Chain of JOVE,
 I will oppose my Eyes, and bring him back.

Ag. Oh CHRUSEIS!

Ulyf. Had IPHIGENIA been thus obstinate,
 Our Fleet at AULIS might have anchor'd still.
 But she came forth a Victim to the Gods,
 And chearfully obey'd their cruel Call:
 Th' Assembly wept; she only, she look'd glad,
 And offer'd to the Knife her willing Throat
 To save her Father. — Can a Mistress be
 Less kind and tender than a Daughter?

Chru. O that the Gods commanded but my Death,
 How gladly would I die! To Die and Part
 Is a less Evil — but to Part and Live
 There, there's the Torment — Change, ye Gods,
 my Doom;

Take, take my Life t'atone your bloody Wrath;
 Come, lead me to the Altar, let me bleed;
 Is there a single Drop within these Veins,
 Is there a Limb that I would leave unmangled,
 To give my dearest AGAMEMNON Joy?

[Agamemnon takes her in his Arms.]

Ag. Live, live, CHRUSEIS --- live immortal --- Thus
 And

And thus embrac'd, and be of Life as sure
As it is sure that we will never part.

Nest. [*Apart to Ulys.*] This HELEN in our Camp
Is worse than her at TROY. --- O why have Women
Beauty,

But as the SIRENS Voice? To ruin
All they meet.

Ulys. [*To Nestor.*] Let 'em alone to please themselves
awhile,

I have a Plot shall funder 'em, when most
They think themselves secure.

Chru. My dear ATRIDES, may I trust your Love?
Tell me, my King, whilst thus around thy Neck
I throw my Arms, and press thee to my Bosom,
Will you forsake me?

Ag. Empire and Victory, be all forsaken,
All but CHRUSEIS. --- Yes, ye partial Pow'rs!
To Plagues add Poverty, Disgrace, and Shame;
Strip me of all my Dignities and Crowns,
Not one of all your Curses will be felt
Whilst I can keep this Blessing. Take, Oh! take
Your Scepters back, and give 'em to my Foes;
Give me but Life, and Love, and my CHRUSEIS,
'Tis all I ask of Heaven.

Nest. Think of your Oath, ATRIDES, how you
swore ---

Chru.

Chru. Yes, he has sworn; be witness Heaven and
Earth,

Be witness Sun and Moon, and ev'ry Star,
Be witness all ye Gods, that he has sworn :
Is there an Hour, either of Night or Day,
Free from some Oath of everlasting Love?
Think, think on that, *ATRIDES.*

Ag. Since perjur'd either way, I'll choose the best;
Be broke all Oaths, but what I made to thee.

Nest. Then farewell *TROY* --- 'tis better sailing back
Than stay consuming here with Plagues.

Ag. And so we will; to-night we will embark:
Draw in your Anchors, hoise up every Sail:
What is this Town, that I should lose one Hour
Of smiling Love to win it? O *CHRUSEIS*!
Thy tender Truth has mov'd my Soul so much,
I will be deaf to every Call but thine.
Be it your care, *ULYSSES*, to dispose
Our Troops to march.

Ulys. I'll carry no such Orders.
Nor would they pay Obedience if I should;
They love your Honour better.

Ag. So many valiant *TROJANS* as have dy'd
These fertile Fields, for nine Years Space with
Slaughter,
And made the swift *SCAMANDER* run with Blood,
And

And MENELAUS, who in single Fight
Struck to the Ground this Ravisher for dead,
Has satisfy'd our Vengeance, and our Honour.

Chru. ATRIDES, no. Your Glory must be mine,
Nor can you thus retreat without Disgrace,
Believe me, Prince, who lightly weigh their Fame
Make but ill Lovers: Honour's the strongest Tie,
That Chain once broke, there's nothing left to bind.
It is my Pride, that the first Man on Earth
Loves me: Oh AGAMEMNON keep that Name!
Be glorious still --- Send for my cruel Father,
Thy Love may teach thee Eloquence to move him.
Remember that CHRUSEIS is at stake,
Nor think it mean to kneel, to beg, to weep;
Be constant in this Trial of thy Love,
Mine may be next: Fate in each other's Hand
Has plac'd a mighty Trust: Be true to thine,
Thy Care be Love: And Glory shall be mine.

[Exit Chruséis.]

Ag. By MARS, her Father's Spirit mov'd her Tongue,
And his prophetick Fury shook her Soul.

Nest. Right Woman still ----

Then soulest, when most Niceness they pretend;

They'll talk of Honour, whilst they're acting Shame.

Ulys. She brought these Plagues, yet counsels you
to stay;

Can

Can this be Love?

Ag. Now by the Gods she loves me; Peace, Blasphemers.

Conceptions may, like Oracles, be dark
To human Search, till by Events explain'd.

Oh! I have Faith for every Word she speaks,
And when I leave her, may the Furies seize me;

Enter CHALCAS.

Chal. Hear AGAMEMNON, all ye Princes hear:
Thus to the Gods, in sacred Synod met,
Has Jove pronounc'd --- Let not one God be seen
Henceforth to help the GREEKS: Our Self to-day
Will lead the TROJANS on to vengeful Fight:
JUNO and PALLAS, and the Friends of GREECE
In vain implore; But chidden stand aloof,
Nor dare reply. Yet ere the Doom be seal'd,
Or writ by Fate irrevocable down,
If possible, atone this Wrath of Heaven,
Appease the Gods, and send CHRUSEIS back,
The Cause, the cursed Cause of all our Plagues.

Ag. Prophet, be dumb.

I read thy Purpose, and I know thee well,
Thy fatal Voice ne'er boded Good to me:
Brib'd by ACHILLES still with popular Lies,
Devising Prophecies to cross my Will.
Think not that I forget, seditious Priest,

'Twas

'Twas thy curst Tongue pronounc'd my Daughter's
Death:

The Gods are just, and merciful, and mild,
Nor make such harsh Demands. 'Twas Priest-craft all.

Chal. From Heav'n these Warnings come---O hear
me, King!

Be yet advis'd ----

Ag. Not Fate's more fix'd: Whate'er the Gods
have purpos'd,

My Purpose is immutable as theirs.

Nor think me rash, or obstinate in this;

Debated and deliberate's my Resolve,

Whatever Eloquence can urge or frame,

I have fore-thought: And shall I part with Love,

More precious than my Life, to save my Life?

What Fool would barter Blessings for a Curse?

And Life, without **CHRUSEIS**, is the worst

That Fate can find.

Chal. But Millions are concern'd.

Ag. And can they better die than for **CHRUSEIS**?

The World's a worthless Sacrifice for her

More worth than thousand Worlds. Let Chaos come,

Confusion seize on all, whene'er we part;

Int'rest, Ambition, Piety, Renown,

Pity and Reason, I have weigh'd 'em all,

But O how light! when Love is in the Scale.

Chal.

Chal. If Love with ev'ry Breath can drive it thus,
No more let Glory lodge in human Breast.

Ag. The Gods that with unnumber'd Eyes look down
From their high Firmament, all stuck with Lights,
See nothing half so glorious or so bright.

Glory, that common Mistress of Mankind,
Court'd by all, but by so few possess'd,
For which so many Rivals hourly fall,
Early I saw, was tempted, and enjoy'd.

But Love has led me to new Realms of Bliss,
Where Pleasures blossom with eternal Spring,
Enjoyments made immortal by Desire,
And Joys flow in on Joys, and Rapture streams:
All other Sweets are visionary Bliss,
Nothing but Love substantial Extasy.

Nest. Oh! that a Face should thus confound our
Reason?

This is mere Wildness, Phrenzy, Raving ---
Lunaticks talk better Sense. --- If this be Love,
Why then, to love, is to be mad, stark mad.

Chal. Not for thy self, for thou seem'st pleas'd with
Ruin:

But for the Lives and Honours of all GREECE
Do I implore --- NESTOR, ULYSSES, join,
Intreat him all. ---

Weep, Princes, for your Glories are at stake;
Weep,

Weep, all ye Soldiers, for your Lives condemn'd;
 Melt, melt this stubborn King--- Oh AGAMEMNON!
 To thee I kneel, thus hanging on thy Robe,
 Who never wept or knelt but to the Gods;
 Let Pity and let Piety prevail:
 Behold in me, their Representative,
 The Gods of GREECE all prostrate at thy Feet,
 To save their Altars, that ere Night are doom'd
 A Prey to TROJAN Rage.

Ulys. Not for my self, or that I fear to die,
 Would I avert these Fates---

Ag. Gods! 'tis too much: Why am I hunted thus?
 Let loose my Robe---

O Love! How hard a Fate is thine!
 Obtain'd with Trouble, and with Pain preserv'd,
 Never at rest.

CHRUSEIS appearing.

Haste to my Rescue, my CHRUSEIS, come,
 O hide me from these Tyrants, in thy Arms,
 Thou only bring'st me Peace.

Chal. She only brings you Ruin.

Nest. Infamy.

Ulys. Inevitable Fate.

Chru. I fear'd th' Advantage that my Absence gave,
 Forgive my Doubts that bring me back again.
 By Gods abandon'd, and Mankind pursu'd;

ALL,

All, all are Foes to your CHRUSEIS now,
Nothing but Love pleads for me.

Ag. And Love's enough: What Argument so strong?
Absent and present, thou art still the same,
My Faith's the same. --- What tho' the Hunter flies,
The stricken Stag bleeds on?
Th' Impression that thou leav'st upon my Soul
Lies there so deep, so lively, and so full,
That Memory recalls no other Thought
But only Love: And only love of thee.

Chal. CHRUSES will have a better Answer—

Ag. No other will I give — So tell him, Prophet:
O there is wond'rous Eloquence in Eyes!
Let him complain, and arm all Heav'n against me:
Yet stay — our Self will hear what he demands.
Fain would I reconcile my Love and Fame;
Judge me, ye Powr's! I would be justify'd
In all I do — But come what will —
Gods, ye may make us perish; but not part.
Give me thy Hand.
Tho' the Winds beat, and loud the Billows roar,
Firm stands the Rock, unshaken from the Shoar:
Against my Love, tho' Heaven and Earth combine,
So will I cleave to thee, for ever thine.

The End of the Second Act.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter from one Side of the Theatre AGAMEMNON, attended : From the other, CHRYSES, attended by a Procession of Priests.

AGAMEMNON.

ART thou that holy Man, so near the Gods,
Admitted to their Synods, to incline
Their Hearts to Men, to represent our Griefs,
And move Redress for the afflicted World,
Yet art thy self, obdurate to our Prayers.
Can'st with dry Eyes behold a Monarch weep,
And preaching Mercy, yet thy self have none?

Chry. Art thou that King renown'd for pious Deeds,
Who from far ARGOS, to the DARDAN Coast
Has led so many Kings to punish Rapes,
Yet art thy self, a Ravisher?

Ag. Thy Daughter was a Captive of the War,
My liberal Stars made me the precious Gift :
Thy Right is lost ; by Conquest she is mine.

Chry. Then as a Captive, I demand her back,
Paying her Ransom, which by right of War

None

None can refuse.

Ag. Keep, keep thy sordid Self,
The Gleanings of thy Trade by holy Taxes;
Should that bright God, whose Minister thou art,
Who in his spacious Round, from Pole to Pole,
Surveys the hidden Treasures of the Deep,
Then lifting up his prying Eyes to Land,
Searches the secret Bowels of the Earth,
O should he bid me for my lov'd **CHRUSEIS**
All that his Eye beholds, his Beams create
In that vast Circle of the girded Globe,
By **MARS**, it were too little — Priest I tell thee
She is above all Ransom.

Chr. Then ransomless restore her.

Ag. Ungrateful Man, are these, are these my
Thanks?

When by the Right of War I might have sold,
As others did, thy Daughter for a Slave,
A Household-Drudge to some far distant Land,
I kept her for my self, to be my Queen,
To raise her, as in Beauty, in Degree
Superior to all others of her Sex:
What would thy Pride have more?

Chr. Consent is free.

I tell thee, King, thou shalt not force her from me.

Ag. Have I us'd Force? what have I left unsaid?

What

What have I left unbid to tempt thy Pride ;
 Or glut thy Sacerdotal Avarice ?
 Will Pow'r and Riches, bend thy stubborn Soul !
 Take ARGOS, and MYCENE, all I have —
 Will Pray'r's and Tears prevail ? Behold me weep.
 Will Adoration touch thee ? See me kneel
 Thus prostrate at thy Feet, as to the Gods.

Chr. Were CLYTEMNESTRA dead —

Ag. Were CLYTEMNESTRA dead ! her Doom
 is seal'd ;

Yes, she shall die, she has deserv'd it long.
 Whilst I pursue my Brother's Wrongs at TROY.
 My Brother's Fate has caught me :---
 Whilst I besiege a vile Adulterer here
 Adultery is got to my own Bed.

Chr. How fatal still to thee, and to thy Blood,
 Has beauty ever been ! ÆROPE first
 With foulest Incest stain'd thy Father's Bed ;
 Thence follow'd Rapin, and avenging Wars,
 Murthers, at which th' astonish'd Sun went back,
 And turn'd aside, and veil'd his Head in Clouds.
 Thy Brother was the next ; and thou the Third ;
 Heirs of Adultery : From Sire to Son,
 Pollution, like Inheritance, descends,
 On thy whole Race ; nor wilt thou yet be warn'd.
 Curse, curse the Sex ; hate Women, and be wise.

Ag.

Ag. CHRUSEIS is a Star, without a Spot;
 With all her Sex's Charms, without their Faults.
 Though there are Seas that Rocks and Quicksands hide,
 And with impetuous Rage tofs every Bark,
 Are there not Streams that we may safely trust?
 Tho' from each Soil spring forth the deadliest Roots.
 Are there not fragrant Flow'rs and wholsom Plants?

Chr. I came not here to argue, but demand,
 Nor am I to be mov'd.

Ag. Nor I, proud Priest.—

Oh! give me Patience, Heav'n! 'Tis well, 'tis well
 CHRUSEIS is thy Daughter, or thy Life
 Should pay thy Arrogance. — Hence hence, be gone,
 Lest I recal my Mercy — if again
 Thou'rt seen returning to my Camp, thou dy'ft,
 Neither thy Office, nor thy Gods shall save thee.

Chr. Hear me, APOLLO! with thy silver Bow
 Shoot these proud GREEKS, and double all their Plagues,
 And thou, O JOVE, when their Battalions face
 The TROJAN Hosts, prepar'd to join the Battel,
 With Light'ning and with Thunder singe their Ranks,
 Drive 'em before their Foes; burn, burn their Ships,
 Nor let a Man be seen returning back
 To tell the News in ARGOS.

Ag. My Mortals are a Match for thy best Gods.
 Twice has strong DIOMED, in single Fight,

Dipp'd in immortal NICHOR his huge Spear,
And driv'n the God of Combat from the Field.
I dare thy worst, insulting Prophet.

Chr. The Curse of Curses; May domestick Broils
Never forsake thy House! May that lewd Couple
Who now pollute thy Bed, contrive thy Death,
And perish by the Hands that most have wrong'd thee!
Next, may thy Son ORESTES, to revenge
Thy Fate, murder his Mother, then run mad,
By Furies haunted. And as thou hast robb'd
Me of a Daughter, so may thine be forc'd
Into some Land unknown, to serve a Priest.
I pray the Gods that this may be the Fate
Of thee and thine: and so I leave thee to it.

[*Exit Chryses, and Priests.*]

Ag. Come all these Plagues — Yet trust me I am
mov'd,
And somewhat whispers to my Soul — Thus it shall
be.

The Prophet's Voice is but the Voice of Fate,
Thus perish AGAMEMNON and his Race.
My Children too! In what have they offended?
From Son to Son shall Vengeances descend,
Guilty and Innocent alike involv'd!
Can this be Justice, Gods? Why am I curst
But for my Father's Crimes? *THYESTES* Incest;

Thy

Thy Blasphemies, Oh ATREUS! cry aloud.
 For Judgment still, and bloody Expiation.
 Command our Priests do present Sacrifice;
 By Prayers the Gods are mov'd.
 Forward EURYBATES.—

[Exit Agamemnon and Train.

Remain NESTOR and ULYSSES.

Nest. 'Tis better be a Dog, than be a Man;
 Instinct of Nature is the only Guide
 Unerring. Vain Light of Reason! Ah how frail!
 How hard to be kept in by steadiest Bearers,
 Put out by every accidental Breath
 That Passion blows! I say again, ULYSSES,
 What Fool would be a Man, who had the choice
 Of his own Being? the best, most perfect,
 Are so allay'd; The Good so mix'd with Bad;
 Like counterfeited Coin of mingled Metal,
 The Noble Part's not currant for the Base.

Ulys. What Pity 'tis, a Man so brave, so just,
 Bate but this failing, this one Fault of Love;
 A Man resembling more the Gods than Men,
 Should so be lost.—

Nest. What hinders us to loose
 The Fury of the Soldiers on this Woman?
 Why tear they not this Auth'refs of their Woes
 Piecemeal, and hew th' Enchantress Limb from Limb?

Ulys. There NESTOR, there's the Wonder: as at
TROY,

When HIRLEN passes thro' the crowded Streets,
Who curs'd her out of sight, straight bless aloud
And cry, She's worth the War; who would not fight,
Though sure to die, to serve such wond'rous Beauty?
So when the fair CHRUSEIS comes in view,
Her Beauty reconciles the most enrag'd;
The Sick, who know they perish for her sake,
Crawl from their Tents to gaze upon her Face,
And looking on her, feel Returns of Strength.
Soldiers and Captains throng in Crowds about her,
And with loud Cries, approve their General's Love,
And with one Voice consent to their own Ruin.
To lose the Sight of her, seems what they fear
More than the Loss of Life or Victory.

Thus desperate are our Ills.—

But we will yet retrieve him —

If Human Wit or Artifice can find

A Remedy, spite of himself he shall be safe.

Nest. Vain Boaster of thy Wit! O Flatterer!

Is there in Art, a Remedy for Love?

For Love thus obstinate!

Ulys. NESTOR, there is.

Himself has furnish'd us the Means, the Ground
Whereon to build — 'Tis Jealousy shall do't.

Th'

Th' Arrival of BRISEIS shall effect it ;
 And with this little Spark I'll light a Flame²
 Shall purge our Air of all this Love-Infection.
 Already have I urg'd our fair Destroyer,
 And vext her Mind with sharp Anxieties :
 I left her pond'ring, doubtful, and perplex,
 And see, she comes — how thoughtful !
 Let us retire — when this has work'd,
 The Dose shall be repeated.

Nest. I guess which way thou driv'st : Succeed it,
 Gods !

'Tis our last Throw of Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

CHRUSEIS, ARTEMIS.

Chru. Said you so hot and passionate ?

Art. Worse, Madam, worse than I can tell you.

Chru. And so they parted !

Art. On such ill Terms, better they'd never met.

Chru. Then farewell all my Hopes ; and all the Joys
 Of Love for ever — Ah ! farewell —
 Love, what is Love ? State me that Question right,
 Let me consider — Is it to quench Desire,
 To follow Nature roving after Sense ?

This is Self-love, unquiet to possess
 For its own Ease; the brutal Love of Beasts.
 Then what is Love? Stay — let me think again.
 Is it to fix our Wishes on one Object?
 Pleas'd only when the thing we love is pleas'd;
 Partaking of its Sorrows, seeking its Good,
 Desirous more to give than to receive;
 Willing to part with all, with Fortune, Life;
 Choosing all Miseries, satisfy'd, rejoic'd
 With any Ruin that's the means of Safety
 To the Man belov'd --- Ay --- this is Love,
 True Love, Heroick Love:
 Say, ARTEMIS, think'st thou no Woman yet
 Lov'd thus?

Art. None, Madam --- that I e'er heard of.

Chru. I tell thee then, there will be one ere Night,
 Thanks to your Kindness, Gods --- But that's a Secret.

Why, why am I pick'd out to be the first?
 The first --- perhaps, and last --- The Custom is,
 From Man to Man to wander with our wishes,
 Meeting and parting, as it seems convenient:
 These are call'd happy; these enjoy the Goods
 Of Life and Fortune; all the World's their own;
 Pleasure's their Mate; their Hearts are still at ease.
 But have these Virtue? No. --- Is Virtue then

Given

Given to make us wretched ? Ah ! sad Portion,
 Fatal to all that have thee ! shunn'd on Earth,
 Depress'd, and shewn but in severest Trials,
 Condemn'd to Solitude, then shining most
 When black Obscurity surrounds — Poor, poor,
 But ever Beautiful.

Art. Your Thoughts are much disturb'd ; you think
 too much.

Chru. Could I not think, I were most happy.
 But to the Purpose —
 Something I must resolve, quickly resolve,
 For Fate comes on apace, and treads us near.
 To stay, is to undo the Man I love ;
 Shall I, shall I do that ?

Art. ULYSSES, Madam.

ULYSSES *Entring.*

Chru. Ha ! thou hast rous'd a Thought ! no ; 'tis
 impossible :

To doubt's an Injury ; to suspect a Friend
 Is Breach of Friendship : Jealousy's a Seed
 Sown but in vicious Minds : Prone to mistrust,
 Because apt to deceive — I'll think no more on't.
 Draw near, ULYSSES, let me view thee well.
 Look up, look on my Face, erect and bold,
 That humble Cringe, and that malicious Smile,
 Those downcast Eyes betray a treacherous Soul :

I tell thee, GREEK, thou hast a lying Look.
My Love's above thy Malice.

Ulys. Far be all Malice from my honest Meaning ;
But thus unwelcome Truths are still receiv'd :
No Secret have I told, nor idle Rumour,
But publick Certainties — BRISEIS' Rape
Is now the common Talk of every Tongue ;
But for what End, what Purpose — far be it from me
T' interpret — such Violence indeed
Looks strange, exceeding strange, to have no Meaning.
And thus much may I add, without Offence,
When Ladies can foresee approaching Change,
'Tis good to be beforehand with a Lover ;
Better to leave than to be left. But you know best ;
I advise nothing — He has sworn, say you,
Not to forsake ; and having rais'd your Hopes
To that degree, 'twere cruel to delude :
Yet I have known many an eager Lover
Protesting Love to Death, defying Ruin,
When Reason and all Remedies have fail'd,
Cur'd by another Love. Nothing so common
As Love excluding Love. For just as Poison
Is expell'd by Poison ; so one Woman
Drives another out. Frown not, nor be displeas'd ;
What I suggest, is meant but to forewarn.

Cbru. What you suggest, is false ; is false, ULYSSES.
Beware

Beware the Vengeance of an injur'd Lover :
 Not Blasphemy's more hateful to the Gods,
 Than to a Lover is his Faith traduc'd.

Ulys. It may be false, and it may not. 'Tis wise to
 arm

'Gainst every Ill that's barely possible,
 You have his Word ; the Gods his Oath : He loves
 you,

And loves he not the Gods ? Both ways engag'd ;
 To part, and not to part. But now we saw him
 Doubting and unresolv'd, perplex'd to choose :
 Who once has doubted, may do so again.

And why this other Woman ? Why BRISEIS,
 Just at this Time, just now, the very Moment
 When Fate pronounc'd your Parting ? Implies it not
 Design of Change ? Intention to supply
 The Space in Love, that Destiny has doom'd ?
 And seems it not to say --- Take, take her, Gods,
 But let me first provide a Successor.

Love, like an eager Gamester, overlooks ;
 But Reason, an impartial Stander-by,
 Sees this and more.

Chru. Reason seems Malice when it comes from thee ;
 This might have Weight from any other Mouth.
 From Men professing Treach'ry and Deceit,
 Even Truth it self's suspected. —

I know you false, insinuating, fly ;
 I know ATRIDES just, and full of Honour,
 Nor will I doubt his Truth.

Ulys. The King is just, and you are just to think it :
 Oh 'tis a wond'rous Proof of strong Esteem,
 Not to mistrust a Friend, tho' there were ground :
 And here are Grounds, weighty Appearances ;
 I say in any other Man 'twould look suspicious ;
 That's all --- But sure the King is full of Honour,
 Oaths indeed in Love, differ from other Cases ;
 They bind, that's true. But as in vanquish'd Towns,
 The Conquer'd to the Conqu'ror takes an Oath :
 Yet if another comes, of greater Pow'r,
 And drives him out, that former Oath is null'd :
 Nor is it Perjury to swear a-new,
 For who can help his Fate ? Just so in Love,
 Men swear --- and so observ'd --- 'tis Constancy.

Chru. Who would be wicked, and yet fear the
 Name,

Excuse their yielding still by pleading Force.
 But speak, ULYSSES, truly, if thou canst,
 For I would know my Danger. You have seen
 This Miracle. Report still adds ----
 And smallest things are magnify'd by Fame.
 Is she indeed so dangerous ?

Ulys. What Images shall Eloquence prepare,

To

To paint a Form so perfect and divine?
 Others by slow degrees advance in Love,
 And Step by Step, and leisurely get Ground:
 We Article with Judgment ere we yield,
 Reason rejecting oft, where Fancy's fond.
 She seizes Hearts, not waiting for Consent:
 Like sudden Death that snatches unprepar'd;
 Like Fire from Heav'n, scarce seen so soon as felt.
 All other Beauties seem inferior Stars,
 At her Appearance, vanishing apace;
 Whene'er she mounts, they set.

Chru. 'Tis worth my Pride to brave a Foe so fair:
 Cease, cease my Eyes to weep, resume your Pow'r,
 Your Glory in this Battle is concern'd:
 Approach, thou Rival, for my Monarch's Heart;
 I'll face thy Beauties with as many more,
 With Eyes oppos'd to Eyes, and Charms to Charms,
 I'll fight it out, and combat for his Love,
 And let him be inconstant if he can.

Ulyf. None who have Eyes but must allow your
 Pow'r;
 If she has any Equal, it is you.
 But Fortune holds the Scale for all Events;
 Light is the Balance where Desert is weigh'd,
 If but a Grain of better Luck's against it.
 How many Beauties, scarce regarded pass,

While

While thousands with worse Faces gather Crowds?
 Beauty 'it self owes many Slaves to Luck.
 In Dangers imminent, Retreats are wise ;
 And a new Face has strange prevailing Charms.

Chru. From Cowardice, not Prudence, springs Despair.

Who doubt their Fortune, are not wise, but fear.

Ulys. Her's are the Odds, by being unenjoy'd;
 Were there but that, O 'tis a pow'rful Charm !

Chru. I see your Snare : The GREEKS would have me gone ;

The King resists, and you would bait his Eyes
 With a new Beauty, to supplant my Pow'r :

You counsel Flight, lest I should stay and conquer :
 Therefore I'll stay, to add this Triumph more.

Thou plott'st against thy self, vain, vain, Projector !
 My Honour needs no Lessons you can give ;
 I see my way, and will consult my Fame.

Enter BRISEIS guarded, and led in struggling.

Bri. Let go, ye Slaves, how dare you disobey ?
ACHILLES will not leave me unreveng'd.
 How dare you touch with impious Hands what's his ?
 If not his Wrath that keeps the World in Terror,
 Then fear my Frown that makes **ACHILLES** trem-
 ble.

Ulys.

Ulyf. [*To CHRUSEIS.*] I must acquaint the King
with her Arrival ;

Forgive the Office, Madam ---- [*Exit. Ulysses.*]

Bri. Loose me, I say ----

Chr. Stand off, ye Ravishers ---- and let my Eye
Take a just View of this imperious Beauty.

Let go your impious hold --- 'tis my Command.

[*They leave her at liberty, and stand at distance. She comes forward.*]

Bri. Whose Voice is this that has more Pow'r than
mine ?

With Shame this Freedom I receive, that's ow'd
To any other Frown but to my own.

Chr. If you'd be absolute, you should have staid
Where you were so --- but here 'tis I command.

Bri. If here you reign, thank Fortune for your
Pow'r,

That never brought BRISEIS here till now.

Chr. Survey me well, and as you look grow hum-
bler.

Bri. I have survey'd, and I confess you fair,
I like you well --- but like my self much better.

Chr. Nature this Comfort has to none deny'd ;
That all are Wits and Beauties to themselves.

Re-enter ULYSSES.

Ulyf. Thus AGAMEMNON greets the fair BRISEIS :
Brightest

Brightest of Beauties, Hail! Welcome, as once
 CHRUSEIS was, ere yet the Curse of Heav'n
 Made her and Ruin one --- Welcome as VENUS,
 Would she abandon TROY to side with GREECE:
 Forgotten be this Day, all sorrows past,
 For here are endless Joys --- unmark'd the Sun
 Now shrowds his Beams --- for here are brighter Rays.
 Sound, found our Trumpets, and our Timbals, sound
 Triumph thro' all our Camp --- for Victory
 Not shows a Form so fair.

Chr. Thou do'st bely him, basely thou bely'st him,
 These Words are thine, this Welcome is thy own.
 It is the Fate of Kings to be so serv'd,
 Ill Ministers prophaning thus their Names
 With Acts unknown to them.
 Think not to practise Treason and escape:
 Offended Majesty and injur'd Love
 Shall find thee out, and thunder on thy Head:
 Traitor, they shall.

Bri. I easily believe his Homage true,
 Nor thank him for't --- but take it as my Due.

Chr. Foolish Self-flatterer! how my AGAMEMNON
 Will turn to scorn thy senseless Vanity!

Bri. How I shall triumph to behold thy Rage
 For a lost Love! Not Conquerors delight
 In winning Towns and Kingdoms from each other;
 More.

More than we Women to take Lovers —
 Though Fancy may be nice and ty'd to one,
 Pride is insatiate and demands a Crowd.
 My Beauty, like ACHILLES, fights at all.
 Oh, 'tis a glorious Sight! to see the Men
 Gazing with Eyes that glow with Rapture on us,
 To hear them cry aloud, Oh Gods how charming!
 To have a Train attending up and down,
 Watching at ev'ry turn to catch a Glance,
 Breathing their Wishes after us in Sighs:
 Oh how we triumph! and with scornful Toss
 We tread along in State, and look Disdain!

Ulys. [*Aside.*] O sympathy of Mind! well-suited Pair!
 Happy ACHILLES! happy BRISEIS! two so like,
 So much the same; how blest were they to meet!
 How firm and lasting must their Passion be!
 Strong as Self-love! In them 'tis nothing else:
 As in a Glass each their own Image sees,
 And loving, in each other they enjoy,
 And hug their own Reflection —

Chru. Proportion thy Endeavours to thy Strength:
 To such vain things, no Grief of Heart's like this,
 To labour to be lik'd, to sue for Praise
 With greedy Eyes, and still to be deceiv'd:
 Go somewhere else to practise thy Designs;
 Here like a common thing thou'lt pass along,

And

And unregarded, scarce attract one Eye.

Ulys. [*To Briseis.*] Forgive the Anguish of a rival'd
Beauty ;

When Ladies rail, 'tis Envy, not Dislike.

'Tis plain she fears, by counselling to go,

Nor dares to stand the Trial with your Eyes :

Stay, and assert your Empire over Man,

Which Heav'n design'd, creating you so fair.

Bri. Wise, wise ULYSSES ---- I remember well,

Oft I have seen you in ACHILLES' Tent :

For nice Discernment, and deep Wisdom fam'd.

Yes, she would have me go, I see her Cunning ;

But I will stay to get her Lovers from her,

And then I'll leave you all, to break your Hearts.

I come not like a Conqueror to remain,

I have a better Country of my own ;

But mean to shew the Terror of my Eyes,

To burn, consume, to ravage, and away.

[*To the Guards.*] Come, shew me to this King, who
waits to die,

I long to let the killing Arrow fly.

[*To Chruſeis*] Follow, and witness to thy own Dis-
grace ;

I challenge thee --- to meet me Face to Face.

[*Exit Briseis with the Guard.*

Ulys.

Ulys. [*To Chruseis.*] Judge better now of my Advice.

Chru. Traitor, avoid me; from my Sight be gone;
The King shall know thy Malice, and revenge it.
Avoid my Sght —

Glory that bid me go, now bids me stay
To clear my King; that you and all may see,
Rather than live with her, he'll die with me.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to the Tents of* ACHILLES,*Enter* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

ACHILLES.

THE Gods have taken Vengeance from our Hands,
 And seem resolv'd to do our Work alone;
 Like sprightly Steeds broke from their Mangers loose,
 That toss in Air their Necks, and neigh aloud;
 So march the TROJANS from behind their Walls:
 They clash their Armour, and they shake their Spears,
 And with loud Cries provoke the GREEKS to Battle.

Pat. Oh ACHILLES!

Ach. Why weeps PATROCLUS in this Hour of Joy?
 Vengeance is sure; his Foes upon his Foes
 Shall do ACHILLES right. Rejoice, rejoice:
 O give me Musick; sound aloud, Rejoice,
 Till every Valley echoes back, Rejoice.
 Let all our MYRMIDONS be seen to-day
 With Garlands crown'd, as at a Feast of Triumph;
 Let Songs of Joy be heard in every Tent;

And

And like the CORYBANTES crush the Ground,
 Each drumming in his Hand a brazen Cymbal.
 Now by the Gods, the MYRMIDON that weeps
 To Day's a Traitor, and shall die.

Pat. That Traitor is PATROCLUS: — Death's my
 Choice.

Rather than live to see my Friends destroy'd.

Ach. Has then PATROCLUS any other Friend
 More lov'd than his ACHILLES? Would'st thou die,
 Rather than live to see my Wrongs reveng'd?

Pat. No, by the Gods I'd die to bring thee Ven-
 geance:

Thy Foes are mine: But let our Wrath be just,
 Not brutal. What Wrongs hast thou receiv'd
 From any other GREEK, but AGAMEMNON?
 And must all perish for the Crimes of one?

Ach. Perish like Dogs: I laugh to see 'em bleed;
 Their dying Groans are Musick to my Ears;
 My Rage makes no Distinction: All are Foes,
 That to my Foes are Friends---- Away PATROCLUS,
 How canst thou pity them, and yet love me?

Pat. O Gods! Let never Rage like this possess
 PATROCLUS. O hard hearted, cruel Prince,
 Thou surely wer't not of a Goddess born,
 Nor was the good ÆACIDES thy Sire:
 Sprang from the Sea thou seem'st, begot by Storms,
 And

And thy impenetrable Heart's a Rock.

Ach. Take heed, PATROCLUS, lest thy ill-tim'd Pity
Provoke me too ; and I forget our Friendship.

Pat. Forget it, do, and bury in my Breast
Thy bloody Blade : I'll not outlive the Day
That brings such foul Dishonour to my Country.
Think not that I'll stand by, a tame Spectator.
If GREECE must fall, then fall PATROCLUS too,
I'll to the Fight.

Ach. Now by the Gods thou shalt not ;
With my drawn Sword I'll bar the Passage up,
And see what MYRMIDON dares help the GREEKS.

Pat. That MYRMIDON am I. --- Dishonour brand
me,
If I not go ; or falling on the Point
Of my own Sword, give Freedom to my Soul,
That does disdain to live beyond its Honour.

Ach. Is this thy Love, PATROCLUS ?

Pat. That I do love thee, well thou know'st,

ACHILLES : ---
Command me to cut off a Limb, I'll do't.
Let but this Day be past, on which depends
The safety and the Glory of all GREECE ;
This Day of such Importance to the Publick,
And then thy private Grudge shall be my own.
To single Fight I'll challenge AGAMEMNON ;
Let us preserve him for our own Revenge, 'Tis

'Tis base to see a Foe oppress'd with odds ;
Make Vengeance sure, but let it then be brave.

Ach. Thou hast o'ercome me ; and my Heart, like
Wax,

Melts at thy Tears, and can deny thee nothing.

Go then, PATROCLUS, where thy Glory calls :
And thou alone of all the GREEKS be safe.

What mean my Eyes by these unusual Drops ?

No: thou must stay. Oh ! think again, PATROCLUS,

The good MÆNETIUS, when at PHTHIA last

We parted, gave thee, weeping, to my Charge ;

Take here, said he, all that my Soul holds dear,

And safe return him, to support my Age.

Well have I kept my Word ; behind my Shield

I plac'd thee still ; my Body was thy Armour ;

Still Side by Side we fought, and never parted.

My Friend, my dearest Friend, why wilt thou leave me ?

Pat. At Night I'll come all glorious back again,

And fill your Tents with Spoils of slaughter'd Foes.

The GREEKS and TROJANS that heheld me fight

Beneath your Buckler, shelter'd by your Sword,

And think PATROCLUS is too weak alone,

Shall see that I can fight without a Guard.

Ach. Oh cruel Honour ! that obliges thee

To go, and me to stay. My Soul till now

Ne'er felt such Strife ; not when I lost BRISEIS.

Then

Then wilt thou go?

Pat. O melt me not with so much Tenderness:
My Heart that beat but now with manly Virtue,
Is soften'd like a Woman's.

Ach. Go then, whilst all thy Courage is upon thee,
But go attended like ACHILLES' Friend;
Take all my Troops, and put my Armour on;
Look like ACHILLES, like ACHILLES fight;
Be thou victorious, perish all the rest;
Let AGAMEMNON, like a beaten Slave,
Fly to his Ships, and there be burnt or drown'd;
Let Fire and Sword all other GREEKS destroy,
Till Thou and I, alone, are left to conquer TROY.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

NESTOR and ULYSSES, in Discourse with
CHRUSEIS.

Nest. Let but some modest Matron come in view,
How unregarded and unmark'd she goes:
O let her pass, they cry, she's good for nothing.
But let some flanting Minx come prancing by,
All Eyes are on her, and all Necks are bow'd;
Oh how they strive and juggle to get nearest!

Hide,

Hide, hide your Heads, ye Gods, from Mortal Worship,
When such as these divide our Adorations.

Ulyf. It looks more like a Triumph, than a Rape:
To joyful Tunes the merry Timbrels play,
While captive Queens like Minstrels dance and sing.
Trumpets and Timbals sound OLYMPUS high;
The Voice of Victory made a Call to Lust:
In graceful Order each Battalion's drawn;
And in the Front our Princes stand in Arms,
Shining with Gold, and nod their stately Plumes,
Saluting as she passes. — Armour that's Proof
To Swords and Spears, and to the Jav'lin's Thrust,
Gives easy Passage to one Glance of hers;
Whilst with disdainful State she treads along,
And looks regardless of such petty Conquest;
None but their King, their General. — But hark!
Again the Trumpets — This way bends the Sound;
Sure she approaches — Madam, will you meet
The Show — It may be worth your Curiosity.

Chru. D'ye mock me, GREEK? Am I become your
Scorn?
I thank ye, Gods, tho' Love is mine no more,
Yet Vengeance is — Ungrateful Man!
And was I kept with so much Form of Truth,
To be but left with greater Infamy!
Forsaken! Oh the disgraceful Word! False!

Is he false? No, let him if he dares —
I'll stay, that he may perish. [Exit Chruſeis.

Nest. Nay, then we are again outwitted.

Ulyſ. Is't not in Art to tempt a Woman once
To stray from Wickedness? or to beguile her
Into Good? Are then their Stars so strong,
That they are fated to be mischevous?

Enter AGAMEMNON, attended.

Ag. Let DIOMED with his ÆTOLIAN Horse,
Observe 'em from yon Hill. —
To live and conquer is the noblest Fate,
But the next Glory is a gallant Death.
Success, O Jove, and Victory are thine;
Fortune is thine: my Honour is my own:
Facing my Doom, with my drawn Sword I'll stand,
Nor turn my Back upon thy wrathful Bolt.

Ulyſ. Yet might I advise —

Ag. Still the same Argument? —
Thou know'st my Answer. — I am fixt.
I see my Fate ye Gods, and I accept it;
Life is not worth the Price you ask — To live
With her I love, was my first Wish — my next,
Is to die with her.

Ulyſ. But this Word more, and I have done. —

Ag. Spare thy self the Pains — Thy Words, like
Winds

Against

Against an Oak, regardless whistle by;
 The Leaves are troubled, but the Root is fix'd.
 I say, thou may'st displease, but canst not move.
 I am not to be mov'd.

Ulys. Then hear me as an Advocate for Love,
 The Friend of Love: — For what so sweet in Love
 As Change? If you must love, then love
 Like other Men: Love, like th'immortal Gods,
 Variety, the Luxury of Love.

Ag. I understand thee not. Trust me, *ULYSSES*,
 I fear thy Brain is troubled.

Ulys. Thus I unfold the Riddle. — *BRISEIS*' Rape
 I neither counsell'd nor approv'd; you know it:
 Much urg'd, and much provok'd, against your Nature,
 Unwilling to all Violence, you did it.
 Make the best use of what is past Recal;
 Take her, and give *CHRUSEIS* to the Gods:
 So shall you love, and be victorious still,
 Live and enjoy. Exchanges like to this,
 Love does allow and practise every Hour.
 She's handsome, and a Woman, a kind Woman,
 What would you more? And what does Love require,
 But beautiful and kind?

Ag. Far be such wicked Counsellors from Kings:
 How dar'st thou, Traitor, tempt my honest Heart
 To such vile Purposes? When I am false,

Forfake me all that's true. What ! parcel Love
 Like common Dole, by Scraps to ev'ry Eye
 That hungers after Lust ! shall I do this ?
 No ; my frank Soul gives largely, all at once,
 Nothing by Halves. True Love has no Reserves.
 Yes, my CHRUSEIS, I am only thine ;
 Only and all. The Soul that's snatch'd by Death
 Returns no more : Nor will her Eyes give back
 The Heart she keeps in her eternal Chain.

Ulyf. Behold BRISEIS entring---timely she comes
 To end this Argument : her Eyes will plead
 More strongly than my Tongue : To them I leave it.

[Ulysses retires.]

Enter Officers and Attendants, then BRISEIS.

[AGAMEMNON approaches her, bowing respectfully.]

Ag. Forgive me, Madam ---

Bri. Ere thou speak'st, hear me : Thy vain Intent
 I easily divine ---

Ag. With needless Fears ---

Bri. Approach me not ---

Perhaps you thought, because I lov'd ACHILLES
 'Twas possible some other might succeed. ---

Ag. Give me but leave ---

Bri. No ; you shall never have my leave to love.
 Or did you think, because your Empire's wider
 In Power and Wealth, exceeding my ACHILLES,

With

With higher Offers to corrupt my Faith?
 Tho' Hearts for Hearts, uncertainly prevail,
 Riches and Power are Baits that never fall:
 He makes most Progress in a Woman's Breast,
 Who proffers highest, not who loves her best.
 These are the insolent Remarks of Men,
 With which we know you all arraign our Sex;
 But learn, to the Confusion of thy Hopes,
 I would not change for MARS --- much less for thee.

Ag. Think not that I mean ---

Bri. I care not what you mean --- Thou dar'st not,

GREEK,

Not for thy Life offend divine ACHILLES.
 When he withdraws his Arm, your Glory sinks,
 ACHILLES is the Pillar of your Cause,
 The Prop of GREECE, and Terror of the TROJANS,
 And thou without him, Nothing.

— *Enter* CHRUSEIS.

Chru. Think not I come to interrupt your Joys,
 Ungrateful King, I know I am unwelcome:
 As willingly as thou hast made this Choice,
 So willingly, CHRUSEIS does confirm it,
 Take, take her, Traitor, take her to your Arms,
 Falsest of GREEKS, who are of Men the falsest:
 Quit you of all Vows, of all Engagements,
 Give her my Oaths that you repent you made,

And I repent that ever I receiv'd.
 [To Briseis.] Nor triumph thou, for were he worth
 my keeping,

Thou should'st not have him yet : The Gift I make
 Is of a thing I scorn.

Bri. I scorn as much to take it.

Ag. What means CHRUSEIS ?

Chru. Oh AGAMEMNON ! hadst thou but been true,
 Hadst thou been constant but a little longer,
 Could'st thou have persever'd but yet one Hour,
 My Virtue had prepar'd for thee, for me,
 Such Proofs of Love, so passionate and noble,
 Such Scenes of Glory, delicate and nice,
 As had amaz'd Mankind — but thou hast ruin'd all ;
 O Squanderer of Fame ! Thy Honour, Mine,
 'Tis lost, 'tis gone for ever, past Recal :
 A perjur'd Lover, and forsaken Mistress,
 Is all the Name, that's left for both —

Ag. Who's perjur'd ? Who forsaken ?

Chru. Seek not to hide what I have heard and seen ;
 My Heart deceiv'd, for want of knowing thee,
 Receiv'd thee in, a Robber, not a Guest,
 But on Discovery, thus turns thee out,
 Unworthy to remain —

Ag. Have I been false ? — By the immortal Gods —

Chru.

Chru. Yes, thou canst swear, and swear, I know it well :

But swear not by the Gods, whom thou hast mock'd,
Nor yet to me, who can believe no more :

But swear to Her, for she is yet to learn
How well thou canst deceive —

Traitor, I know the Value of your Oaths,
ULYSSES told me —

Ag. What has ULYSSES told you?

Chru. What I have seen.

Ag. ULYSSES is a Traitor — speak, BRISEIS,
Be thou my Witness — Have I mention'd Love?

Bri. I would not give you leave.

Tho' I commanded Silence to my self,
And my nice Ear disdain'd to hear thy Love,

Who bids thee make a Secret of thy Passion?

My Scorn were lost, were not thy Love proclaim'd ;

To me be silent, to the World be loud ;

Begin by telling her ; I give thee leave.

Ag. To her alone —

Chru. I'll spare thee the Confession.

'Tis a stale Story, and I know enough.

Would'st thou then own it ? brave me to my Face?

Thou dar'st not — no — thou art not yet so harden'd.

Why dost thou tremble when I look upon thee?

When thou would'st speak, upon thy falt'ring Tongue

The Accents die ; all Arguments of Guilt !
 Thy Colour goes and comes upon thy Face,
 And thy young Treason blushes to be seen.
 The murder'd Body, at the Murd'rer's Touch
 Will bleed afresh : Nor can Betrayers bear
 The Sight of one betray'd, without Confusion.
 Thou fear'st me still, I read it in thy Eyes,
 And in thy Limbs, that scarce support thy Body,
 Oh ! that I could look thee dead —

Ag. My wounded Soul is on its Flight —

Bri. Die quickly then, for I'm in haste to go —
 How dar'st thou look
 When I am by, on any Face but mine ?

Chru. Look on, look on — gaze till thy Eye-Balls
 burst,

And rolling round thy Sight from Charm to Charm,
 Survey me all, and then repent thy Change.
 Gaze till thou'rt mine again ; till falling down
 Low at my Feet, thou dost expire with Shame.
 There is a secret Struggle in thy Soul,
 I see thou would'st return, but 'tis too late ;
 For know, ATRIDES, thou behold'st thy last. —

Ag. Hear me, CHRUSEIS.

Would either hear, both might be satisfy'd.
 Ye both have dream'd, and each of ye believes
 The Visions of her Sleep --- Would you but hear —

Chru.

Chru. Oh that I ne'er had heard, nor ever seen;
 'Tis past, *ATRIDE S*, Love is now no more,
 My Heart is harder than it once was soft.
 Farewel for ever.--- Yet forgive him, Gods!
 Not on his Head, but on his faithless Sex
 Revenge the Cause of poor abandon'd Truth:
 Nor let it be by Famine, or Disease;
 Nor yet by Thunder, nor tempestuous Blast;
 Nor Fire, nor Sword, nor by consuming Wars;
 Let us revenge our selves; commit to us
 This mighty Charge --- No Vengeance like a Wo-
 man's.

Let Falshood punish Falshood: Let Deceit
 And Treachery be only Womens Arts.
 Henceforth, thro' rolling Ages, let there be
 Not one Example of a Woman faithful,
 Let all be *HELENS*, perjur'd Creatures all,
 Let every Husband be a *MENELAUS*.
 Give 'em not Wives to comfort, but to plague:
 Let Love be all a Trick, and a Pretence,
 And every Woman be a bosom Serpent.
 The Gods have granted --- and methinks I read
 The Page of Fate, and find it fixt for ever,
 That not a Woman shall be born hereafter
 But shall decieve some Man --- Debates arise,
 Dissensions reign, Pollution be triumphant,

And Jealousies and Jars confound the World.

[Exit Chruſeis.

Bri. My Conquest is complete : She flies, she flies,
And has avow'd the Triumph of my Eyes.
So may all thrive, who dare my Empire brave,
Like her despair, and be Mankind my Slave.
How pleas'd will be ACHILLES, when he knows
My Beauty has reveng'd him on his Foes :
I go to tell him, nor will be delay'd,
Stir not to stop me --- for I'll look thee dead.

[Exit Briseis.

Ag. Go where I never may behold thee more
Thou Imp of thy ACHILLES --- Like a Child
I struck, and hit my self ; I rais'd a Storm
And perish in it.

'Tis just, ye Gods, your Providence has caught
My foolish Wrath, and my own Act of Vengeance
Becomes Revenge for him, 'gainst whom 'twas meant.

[Ulysses advancing.

Art thou there, Traitor ? Com'st thou then to watch
The Workings of thy Poison on our Loves ?
Safer thou'dst met a Tigress hunting out
The Thief that robb'd her Young ---

Ulyf. What I have done ---

Ag. What thou hast done --- undo --- or thou
shalt die: ---

[Seizes hold of him.

PROME-

PROMETHEUS' Vulture, and Ixion's Wheel,
 The Stone, the Sieve, the Tortures of the Damn'd
 Are but slight Pains —
 Find out CHRUSEIS straight —

[Thrusts him away.]

Confess thy Fraud, unravel her Mistake,
 Convince her of my Love and Innocence:
 I fear her Wrath more than the Wrath of Heaven.
 Appease her well — and let me find her gentle —

[Seizes him again.]

See this be done — look to't — Away —

[Thrusts him towards the Door.]

Why send I him?
 On Wings of Love the Lover's self should fly,
 Love has a thousand ways, and all I'll try,
 And at her Feet be justify'd or die. *[Exeunt all.]*

The End of the Fourth Act.

 ACT V. SCENE I.

ACHILLES *and* BRISEIS *meeting.*

BRISEIS.

JOY to ACHILLES — fly to my Embrace
My Hero and my God.

Henceforth no more let any Sound of War
Awake thy Rage — My Eyes shall conquer for thee.

Joy to ACHILLES — AGAMEMNON dies,

CHRUSEIS in Despair has left the Camp,

BRISEIS is return'd triumphant back,

Thy Foes are perishing, thy Mistress safe,

I bring thee Glory and Revenge and Love ;

Joy to ACHILLES, everlasting Joy !

Ach. And is it given me thus again to hold thee,

Thus to devour thee with a thousand Kisses,

With clasping Arms, embracing, and embrac'd

To taste a thousand Joys ? --- O 'tis Illusion all !

The Dream and Vision of distracted Thought !

Speak, shining Creature, every Sense awakes

To find thee out --- Art thou indeed BRISEIS ?

Bri. I am, I am BRISEIS --- believe thy Eyes,

Believe

Believe thy Touch --- No Vision nor a Dream,
But thy BRISSETS --- thine.

I thank you, Gods ! tho' Parting was a Pain,
The Joy to meet, is ample Satisfaction.

Ach. Art thou the same? In every thing the same?
Answer me that --- Ah no !

The Stain of Violation is upon thee,
The ruddy Spot, fresh ardent on thy Face.

Curse on that Thought ! ---

Was then the Ravisher so quickly cloy'd ?

So hasty to return Pollution back ?

Did'st thou resist ? Or did'st thou early yield ?

Answer again to that --- thus let me swear thee,

Thus holding up thy Hands erect to Heaven :

Met'st thou with willing Warmth his brutal Lust ?

Had'st thou thy Share of Bliss ? with amorous Rage

Improving Joy with Art ? --- But why do I enquire ?

Thy Cheeks are burning with th' Adulterer's Mark,

His Print is on thy Lips : Thy melted Eyes

Yet glow with languish'd Lustre. ---

Bri. Curse me if I forgive thee such a Thought ;

Were I like other Women, I should weep

To be thus grossly question'd --- but my Soul

Is form'd of Sparks as fiery as thy own.

Thus I confront thy Jealousy with Rage,

And meet thy Insolence with Wrath as loud.

Thou

Thou know'st me, and hast read my inmost Mind,
 If after this, thou yet canst have a Doubt,
 If thou canst tell thy self --- I can be false,
 Thou art not worth my Answer. ———

Ach. I knew thou would'st deny : All Women will.
 What have we for your Truth, but your bare Words?
 The subtle Path is trodden without Print,
 Not the least Footstep to be trac'd for Proof.
 But willing, or unwilling, 'tis the same :
 He has enjoy'd you. ———

Bri. No matter if he has ——— I'll tell thee nothing.

Ach. O that thou wert a Man ! —

Bri. O that I were ! by VENUS I'd chastise thee ---
 Why was I not a Man ? A greater far
 Had then been born, and fiercer than ACHILLES.

Ach. Answer directly --- or by MARS ---

Bri. By MARS I swear, and by as many Gods,
 That nothing will I answer --- not till I see thee
 Crouch'd on the Ground, and crawling on thy Knees
 Implore Forgiveness, for thy vile Suspicion.
 Guess at the past ; I'll tell the what's to come,
 If he has not enjoy'd, be sure, he shall :
 Who without Reason doubts, deserves that Vengeance,
 I go, to reap
 This Fruit of thy Offence --- And so farewell.

[Going.
Ach.

Ach. Be true or false — Thou art too much to lose,
 Nor shalt thou go — [Holds her
 Thy fiery Rage has spread around my Soul
 And Love has caught the Flame —
 Be what thou wilt — Art thou not heavenly fair?
 Thy Beauty, in this Moment's all my Care;
 Nothing is certain but the Joy alone,
 Whilst I possess, I'm sure thou art my own. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *the last.*

AGAMEMNON and CHRUSEIS. NESTOR
 and ULYSSES *entering from the opposite part
 of the Stage.*

Nest. [To Ag.] O Stain of Honour! Oh inglorious
 Prince!

Unworthy Leader of so many Kings,
 Have then thy Crimes dispirited thy Soul
 That here aloof, thou hid'st thee in thy Tent
 When the rang'd Battle calls thee forth to fight?
 But Guilt makes Cowards: Who with such a Load
 Of impious Lust, and wilful Perjury
 Can face a Foe, or venture into Danger?

Ag. If I am guilty, 'tis the Fault of Heaven,
 That by exacting more than Man can do
 Becomes

Becomes it self unjust. — My Deeds to-day
 Shall Shame thy Words, when thou behold'st me fight.
 'Tis Peace at Home, my anger'd Love's appeas'd,
 And I am ready now for War — The stoutest Hearts
 Shall trembling beat, to follow where I lead.

Nest. Appease the Gods, no matter who beside
 Is angry, or displeas'd.

Ag. CHRUSEIS is appeas'd, nor cares ATRIDES
 Who frowns, when she is kind. — One Kiss, my
 Love;

The Trumpets call, the Soldier must obey :
 These TROJANS shall repent ere Night, who force
 Thy AGAMEMNON from thy gentle Arms,
 And vex our Loves with such unquiet Partings.

Chru. Yet ere you go, hear your CHRUSEIS speak :
 The Gods alone can tell who shall return
 Of those that go to Battle: Hear me then :
 And I am glad to have such Witnesses.

[To Nestor and Ulysses.

Ag. What would CHRUSEIS say?

Chru. The Danger's terrible that calls you forth,
 Who knows but this may be our last Farewel !
 Thus then upon my Knees, I thank my Lord
 For his past Goodness — Oh ! inspire me Heaven
 How to be grateful, and instruct my Soul
 How I may give my King some Mark of Love

Equal

Equal to his to me.

Ag. Rise, rise **CHRUSEIS**.
This needs not, Love ; for I am much thy Debtor.

Chru. No. I will tell, that summing up th' Account,

My grateful Heart may reckon its vast Debt.
All that I am, my Honour and my Life,
I hold but from your Bounty.
In a sack'd Town, when the licentious Soldier
Spares neither Age, nor Sex : When Slaughter's blind,
And rages thro' the Streets without Distinction;
When Rape is privileg'd, and Murder free,
You sav'd me from the Fury of the Sword,
You sav'd me from Pollution, rais'd me trembling,
Bad me not fear, and bore me safe from Danger,
Nor was this all —

Ag. Enough, enough **CHRUSEIS**.
You ow'd your Preservation to your self,
Your Beauty was your Guard ——— What barbarous
Heart,

O what inhuman Hand could hurt such Brightness?

Chru. My Fears renew'd, when Captives set to Sale,
I heard the loud Laments of weeping Virgins,
Expos'd to Price, and sold to Slavery.
No Royalty nor Beauty was exempt,
But only serv'd to raise the Purchase higher.

Then

Then did my King a second time preserve me,
And set me above Price.

Ag. And well thou did'st deserve it, my **CHRUSEIS**.
Not Jove, who has the Pow'r of either Globe,
Can say what thou art worth.

Chru. Beyond my Hopes, unask'd, and unexpected.
Life, Liberty, and Honour you preserv'd,
And undeserving, added to my Wishes
What more than Life or Liberty I prize,
Your Love: And tho' you had the Pow'r to force
Your Captive's Will with surest Violence,
You left me free, t'accept or to refuse,
But who could have refus'd?

Ag. Thou never wer't my Captive: I was thine
From the first Moment that my Eye beheld thee:
I overcame thy Country, but thou me:
What I have done, I did but as a Slave,
The Service of the Conquer'd to the Conqu'ror,
Mercy was thine, and only thine: My Part
Was but the Duty of a Lover.

Chru. With Patience hear, for nothing will I add,
Nor take from Truth; but state a just Account.
My Country lost, when by the Right of War,
Nothing was left that we could call our own,
You proffer'd Crowns, would raise me to your Em-
pire:

-Your

Your generous Love, agreeing with my Virtue,
Offer'd no Terms that I could blush to hear.

Ag. How shall I thank thy Goodness
Who would't accept! Oh! could I give the World,
One Kiss of thine, but thus to touch thy Lips,
I were a Gainer by the vast Exchange.

Chru. The Kiss you take, is paid by that you give,
The Joy is mutual, and I'm still in Debt.
O there's a mighty Sum that's yet untold:
To shorten then, and pass a thousand Proofs,
All precious, but too numberless to name:
Now when the Gods, grown envious of our Joys,
The Gods that will admit in human Life
No Raptures like their own, and such were ours,
Now when they turn our Blessings to a Curse,
When ev'ry Kiss you take, must lose a Battle,
And thousands are condemn'd for each Embrace;
When Empire, Victory, and O perhaps
Your precious Life, must all be sacrific'd,
Or your *CHRUSEIS* left; then, then, my King
When his Friends weep, and unrelenting Gods
Threaten aloud, when Earth and Heav'n combine
To part our Loves, and sunder us for ever,
Then *AGAMEMNON*, constant to his Vows,
Renounces Glory, to be true to Love,
And Death and Shame prefers with his *CHRUSEIS*,
To

To Life, to Conquest, and Renown, without her.
O what Amends! Ah! how shall I repay
Thy wond'rous Truth!

Ag. Thus, my **CHRUSÆIS**, thus —
Embrace me close, and join thy lips to mine!
There's no Security in other Joys,
Here Happiness is rivetted alone,
Here nothing fades, nothing decays; the Sweets
Immortal are, and never cease to spring.

Chru. So loving, and so lov'd, why must we part?

Ag. Part my **CHRUSÆIS**! 'Tis unkindly fear'd:
I thought thou hadst been satisfy'd, my Love,
No, I can die, but we will never part.

Chru. And yet we must: Oh! we must part,

ATRIDES.

There's no Defence against the Will of **JOVE**,
No Force can turn, or Policy evade
What Destiny decrees immutable:
Nothing can be, that Fate has doom'd shall not.

Ag. What means my Love by these mysterious
Words?

Chru. As one who fears to die, but is condemn'd,
Still strives to trifle time with idle Talk,
And seeks Pretences to put off the Hour,
So I — But what am I resolving?
As I approach the Precipice's Brink,

TO

So

So steep, so terrible appears thy Depth,
 I fear — and yet I must — Who says I must?
 Not AGAMEMNON — he had rather die,
 So had CHRUSEIS: Parting is worse than Death
 To both — and will to both bring Death —
 If he must die, then let him die embrac'd,
 As he desires — Now shoot your Light'ning, Gods!
 Whilst thus I hide him, hit him if you can,
 Thus clinging with my Body close to his,
 Thus will I cover him: — kill me, kill me,
 I'll die to keep him safe — Oh AGAMEMNON!

Ag. There is a strange Disorder in thy Thoughts,
 Something thou would'st unfold, and know'st not
 how:

My Soul has caught thy Fears, I tremble too
 I know not why — 'Tis the first time that e'er
 My Courage fail'd me in thy Arms.
 Some mighty Ill, and sudden, sure is coming,
 And let it come — Spare but my Love, ye Gods,
 All other Ills are nothing.

Chru. My Head grows giddy — Oh that I were mad:
 Madness brings Ease: Reason, Reason alone
 Feels Sorrow: Folly and Madness are exempt.
 No State of human Life is to be envy'd,
 But Lunacy and Folly: None can be happy
 Who can feel Pain: To want the Sense to grieve

Is the best Measure of Felicity,
 So much are we the Slaves of human Chance,
 And from the Moment of our Births expos'd
 To the malignant Influence of Stars.

—[*Throws herself into a Chair, and sits weeping.*

Nest. This is meer Foolery. --- Sir, will you go?

Enter TALTHYBIUS and EURYBATES.

Eury. Where, where's the King?

Ag. What would thy Haste portend?

Eury. To Arms, to Arms: The TROJANS led
 by MARS

With HECTOR by his Side, surround our Camp;

Who never durst beyond the SCÆAN Gate

Till now advance, enclose our Trenches round;

We who besieg'd, are now our selves besieg'd,

Ag. Be short: Speak to the Purpose: What has past?

Talb. Divine SARBEDON, Son of Thundering
 JOVE

Began th' Attack: PATROCLUS stood the Charge,

And slew him with his Spear, JOVE looking on.

Eury. Then fell PATROCLUS, slain by HECTOR's
 Hand ---

Ulys. PATROCLUS slain!

Nest. How just is Providence in all its Works!

How swift to overtake us in our Crimes!

ACHILLES, who alone of all the GREEKS

Rejoic'd

Rejoic'd to-day, becomes the deepest Mourner :
None are so hateful to the Gods as those
Who with hard Hearts delight in others Grief.

Ulys. 'Twere fit his Body were convey'd with speed
To stern ACHILLES, who sits laughing now,
Waiting the GREEKS Distress ; the Sight may move
Revenge, and bring him to the Field.

Ag. I scorn his little Aid --- TALTHYBIUS, say
What's now a doing ?

Talth. The TROJANS are again drawn off, pausing
Upon their Loss ; but seem to meditate
Some new Attempt : And all expect
A bloody Day.

Ag. Thou shalt not die, PATROCLUS, unreveng'd.
Bid our Battalions draw upon the Plain ;
We'll fight 'em Hand to Hand, upon the Square ;
Let Cowards skulk in Trenches, Face to Face
I meet my Foe. --- Thus I invoke you, Gods,
Asking but this, no more --- *Stand Neuter.*
'Tis time that we were gone --- Haste with our Orders.

[*Exeunt Talthybius and Eurybates.*

[*To Chruséis.*] It shakes my very Soul, my poor dear
Love,

To leave thee thus --- I go, but to return
Victorious back.

Thus we have parted oft, and met again,
Much

Much thou would'st grieve; but in this manner never.

Chru. Yes, we have parted, and again we met.

[*Rises.*

When next we part, 'tis never to meet more.

I am your Murd'rer by my fatal Stay,

For me, the fullen Sun withholds his Beams,

And shoots these Shafts, and heads 'em all with
Plagues :

For me the Gods withdraw their wonted Aids,

For me, they lead the TROJANS to the Field,

Shall I consent? and shall I help the Foes

Of AGAMEMNON? I obstruct the Means

Of his Deliverance? Will then my Love

Do nothing for my Lord, who would do all

For me? No, AGAMEMNON, no ---

For me you must not die, nor be disgrac'd,

Live, AGAMEMNON, live: Be great, be glorious,

While by a voluntary Exile, I ---

Appease my cruel Father, and his Gods,

And doom my self to save thy Life and Honour.

Ulys. Oh unexpected Turn! O wond'rous Virtue!

Glorious Resolution! henceforth be stil'd

The Saviour of the GREEKS.

Ag. Peace, Sycophant, nor dare to sooth her
Phrensie:

These Thoughts are but the Vapours of a Mind

Disturb'd :

Disturb'd: Reason shall soon dispel the Fume,
 And disappoint your curst malicious Joy.
 [To Chruſeis.] I know thou canst not mean what thou
 haſt ſaid,

Yet my Heart pants, and every Nerve is ſhaken.
 Upon my Forehead ſits a Damp like Death,
 My Blood runs cold, I feel the Channel freeze;
 Scarce will my trembling Limbs ſupport my Weight,
 But ſhake like Cowards on a Day of Battle,
 Is this well done, CHRUſEIS?

Chru. Your generous Love has ſhew'd the way to
 mine,

Fearing to part, you firmly chooſe your Ruin,
 Fearing your Ruin, I conſent to part!
 To part, of every Evil is the worſt,
 All other Ills you chooſe, but I chooſe that;
 Love prompting you to periſh for my ſake,
 Prompts me to keep you ſafe, whate'er it coſt;
 Empire, and Life, and Glory are your Victims,
 The Joys of Life and Love it ſelf are mine.

Neſt. Well argu'd ſtill: Pray Heav'n ſhe be in
 earneſt.

Ag. Thy Love is grown a wond'rous Sophiſter;
 Such Arguments but Ill become thy Faith:
 Can'ſt thou pretend to love me, and yet leave?
 No, 'tis impoſſible in Love to part

With

With what we love: Confess, confess the Truth,
And say thou dost not love: own, own thy Falshood,
Recant thy Vows, or yet resolve to stay.

Chru. Yes, I would stay, were I the only threaten'd,
Were the Doom mine, and did the Thunder roll,
And the blue Lightning shoot alone at me,
I'd choose to die like thee, and not to part,
In these dear Arms I'd wait the Stroke of Jove,
And perish pleas'd; like thine should be my Choice.
For thee, for thee, this Ruin is prepar'd,
Not on my Head, but thine, the Vengeance falls,
And for my sake, my Presence is the Cause,
CHRUSEIS is the Murd'rer of ATRIDES,
The Cup of Pleasure, is the Bowl of Death,
The Gods have mixt it with the deadliest Poison,
Nor dare I give thee more.

Ag. O give it on?
There is such Pleasure in the killing Draught
'Tis worth the dying for.

Chru. Be calm, be calm, ATRIDES, think again,
Consult your Reason, and be then convinc'd,
Were your Case mine, you would resolve like me,
You would, you would, you could not see me perish,
And know your self the Cause.

Ag. O CHRUSEIS!

Chru. Is there a Proof in Love that you would give,
And

And shall not I? Oh! 'tis a cruel Proof,
 But it must be, 'tis past, tis past Recal.
 Come back, come back Renown that turn'd away,
 Return, ye Laurels, to my Monarch's Brow,
 Love like a scorching Sun has dry'd ye up,
 And burnt your Growth, and kiss'd away your Sweets.
 But Love is now self-banish'd for your sakes,
 With his own Hand he cuts his Root away,
 And leaves you room to spread.

Ag. O curst Estate of Kings! O fatal Glory!
 O Victories dear-bought! Pernicious Greatness!
 What must I lose to purchase the vain Breath
 Of Fools and Sycophants, the Voice of Fame!

Chru. The Gods have for themselves alone reserv'd
 A quiet State: Kings are their Stewards here
 Entrusted with the Conduct of the World:
 And like good careful Servants, must submit
 Their single Profit, to the general Welfare.
 Had AGAMEMNON been a private man,
 Some Shepherd or an humble Villager,
 Our Loves had then been happy.

Ag. Take back your Office, Gods, your Royal
 Thralldom;

I'll be your Slave no longer on these Terms:
 Here I discharge my self of Kingly Burthen,
 Divest my self of Pow'r and Dignities,

Of Crowns and Scepters, your Imperial Loads.
 Be constant to thy Word --- Thy AGAMEMNON
 Will make himself the Thing that thou hast wish'd,
 A Shepherd, or an humble Villager :
 In some far Cave, remote from Interruption,
 We'll love away our Lives : not the least Dream
 Of Glory shall invade our lone Recess.
 These Arms shall be the Circle of my Wishes,
 Thy Eyes, the only Lights that I'll adore :
 Morning and Night I'll sacrifice to them ;
 Be they propitious, let them shine upon me,
 I'll own no other Gods.

Chru. My Virtue shrinks within the close Embrace,
 O let me fly, I cannot stand the Combat,
 Another such, and we are lost for ever.

[Trumpets within.

Hark, hark ! the Trumpets sound, the Clash of
 Swords

Draws near, the Gods have given me Notice,
 The Slaughter is renew'd, and ev'ry Man
 That falls, CHRUSEIS is his Murderer.
 Have Patience, Gods, but yet a little while,
 I come, I come, your will shall be fulfill'd,
 Give me but time to take one last Embrace,
 Let me thus rush upon him ---
 Once more, for my whole Life, and then come Death,

Come

Come Madness, any thing but Life or Sense,
My dearest, dearest AGAMEMNON.

Ag. Thus will I clasp thee fast, thus, thus for ever.
In vain, in vain thou'lt struggle to get loose,
Not Men nor Gods shall cut thee from my Arms,
I'll die, but I will never quit my hold. [brace,

Chru. Thus let us kneel : Thus lock'd in my Em-
Whilst I implore the Gods with this last Prayer.

Oh all ye Pow'rs! that unrelenting see
These Grievs, and have deny'd our Loves your Mercy,
Accept the Sacrifice that here I make,

The noblest Love, the truest; undefil'd

With the least Stain. If ought is due to Virtue

Let the Reward of what I do be his,

And let not me out-live this fatal Day.

Depriv'd of Love, upon his precious Head

Double all other Blessings: Crown his Life

With Honours equal to his noble Mind,

Let him not pass a Day without some Triumph:

Let him not have a Foe in Earth or Heaven,

Or if he must have Foes, make 'em his Means

Only to come at Glory ----

Farewel for ever.--- His Lips are cold,

Speechless and Pale! And on my Bosom droops

His Head like a dead Weight --- Help, Princes, help,

And raise him gently ----

*[They raise him: He stands supported between 'em,
they weeping over him.]*

My Brain is touch'd --- I feel it --- here it is ---
At this dead Lift, thou'rt welcome, honest Frenzy ;
The King shall conquer now, he shall, he shall,
Right shall triumph, the Ravisher shall bleed,
I'll be the Champion, and begin the Charge,
Thus at one Stroke I cut off all the Gods,
And leave the TROJANS helpless to themselves ;
They run, they run --- O cruel Reason, worst of
Foes,

Why art thou come again ?

O NESTOR ! Oh ULYSSES ! Pity me,
Forgive the Ills that have already happen'd ;
All will be well, the Gods are now appeas'd.
Fight for the King, and when the Battles join,
Do you your Duty, as I have done mine,

[Exit Chruseis.]

Ulys. Scarce was my aking Heart more pierc'd with
Grief

When from my own PENELOPE I parted.

[Agam. coming to himself.]

Ag. The Gods have doom'd in vain, they shall not
have her.

Where is CHRUSEIS ?

Ulys. Her noble Virtue has obey'd

The

The cruel Call of strong Necessity;
And she who would have dy'd to stay, is gone,
That you may live.

Ag. Thou hast done this, ULYSSES, 'twas thy Plot,
Thou hast been working long against our Loves,
Thy Life shall answer it ---

Ulys. O rob her not of Glories all her own,
Be hers the Praise entire, as was the Deed.
I hate my self for that I injur'd once
So good, such noble Nature --- O she is,
And to all Ages shall remain
The brightest Pattern of Heroick Love
And perfect Virtue, that the World e'er knew.

Nest. Trust me, ATRIDES, much I grieve your
Loss,
But Glory waits to make you full Amends.

Ag. Unite, unite ye DARDANS, and ye Gods,
[*Drawing his Sword.*
Despair's undaunted, and defies all Odds,
At me let ev'ry Spear and Jav'lin fly,
I fight not now to conquer but to die.

[*Exit Agamemnon.*

Flourish of Trumpets.

Nest. Mark, mark ULYSSES, how the Gods preserve
The Men they love, ev'n in their own Despight;
They guide us, and we travel in the Dark,

But when we most despair to hit the way,
And least expect, we find our selves arriv'd.

Ulys. Fate holds the Strings, and Men like Children
move

But as they're led : Success is from above.

EPILOGUE.

By BEVILL HIGGONS, Esq;

*WHAT will the Galleries, nay Boxes say?
There's not one Man destroy'd in all our Play.
Murder and Blood have long possess'd the Stage,
And pleas'd the Genius of a barbarous Age:
But since the Poet's Task's the Soul to move,
And with his Objects, make you grieve or love,
Surviving Wretches should more Pity find
Than they who die, and leave their Woes behind.*

*On Athens' Stage, when Greece the World gave Law,
Her sprightly Dames our Agamemnon saw;
They shar'd his Sorrows, did his Fate bemoan,
And always made the Hero's Wrongs their own.
But then the World was gay, and Nature young,
Mens Passions were more high, and Fancy strong;
Poets could either raise, or make so sad,
That going home, whole Audiences ran mad.
In vain we would your colder Hearts inspire,
And blow up Flames, without the Seeds of Fire.*

*Three thousand Years ago, illustrious Dames
Attended Camps, and gave the Heroes Flames;
Now ev'ry Wench, when batter'd and decay'd,
To Flanders fled, where straight the rampant Jade
At once the Colonel serv'd, and the Brigade.*

EPILOGUE.

*If Poets have the Privilege of Laws
To challenge Furies, who must try their Cause ?
To judge of Wit, the Critick be debarr'd,
Who often damns what he ne'er saw nor heard ;
Besides, he still to Poets bears a spite,
For never yet was Critick who could write.*

*For you, the viler Rabble of the Pit,
Who want Good-nature, tho' you have no Wit,
Maliciously you imitate the Times,
Like Judges, try the Men, and not their Crimes ;
With Noise and Nonsense whom you hate decry,
And if demanded, give no Reason why,
But when no Pity can the Torrent stem,
Attaint the Poet, whom you can't condemn.
'Tis on that shining Circle we depend, [To the Ladies.
For you ———*

*Our Poet writes, in Gratitude defend :
Of Love and Honour, he a Pattern meant,
And took the bright Ideas that you lent :
Your Picture drawn, show then the Painter Grace,
Who fails in an inimitable Face.*

Mar,

Mar, near Doncaster, Oct. 6, 1688.

To the Honourable Mr. BERNARD GRANVILLE at the Earl of BATHE's, *St. James's.*

S I R,

YOUR having no Prospect of obtaining a Commission for me, can no way alter or cool my Desire at this important Juncture to venture my Life in some manner or other for my King and my Country.

I cannot bear living under the Reproach of lying obscure and idle in a Country-Retirement, when every Man who has the least Sense of Honour should be preparing for the Field.

You may remember, Sir, with what Reluctance I submitted to your Commands upon *Monmouth's* Rebellion, when no Importunity could prevail with you to permit me to leave the Academy; I was too young to be hazarded, but give me leave to say, it is glori-

ous at any Age to die for one's Country, and the sooner, the nobler the Sacrifice.

I am now older by three Years. My Uncle *Bathe* was not so old when he was left among the slain at the Battle of *Newbury*: Nor you your self, Sir, when you made your Escape from your Tutors to join your Brother at the Defence of *Scilly*.

The same Cause is now come round about again: The King has been mis-led, let those who have mis-led him be answerable for it: No Body can deny but he is sacred in his own Person, and it is every honest Man's Duty to defend it.

You are pleased to say, it is yet doubtful if the *Hollanders* are rash enough to make such an Attempt: But be that as it will, I beg leave to insist upon it, that I may be presented to his Majesty as one whose utmost Ambition it is to devote his Life to his Service, and my Country's, after the Example of all my Ancestors.

The Gentry assembled at *York* to agree upon the Choice of Representatives for the Country, have prepared an Address, to assure his Majesty they are ready to sacrifice their Lives and Fortunes for him upon this and all other Occasions; but at the same time they humbly beseech him to give them such Magistrates as may be agreeable to the Laws of the Land, for at present

sent there is no Authority to which they can legally submit.

They have been beating for Volunteers at *York*, and The Towns adjacent, to supply the Regiments at *Hull*, but no Body will lift.

By what I can hear, every Body wishes well to the King, but they would be glad his Ministers were hang'd.

The Winds continue so contrary, that no Landing can be so soon as was apprehended; therefore I may hope, with your Leave and Assistance, to be in Readiness before any Action can begin. I beseech you, Sir, most humbly and most earnestly to add this one Act of Indulgence more to so many other Testimonies which I have constantly received of your Goodness, and be pleased to believe me always, with the utmost Duty and Submission,

S I R,

Your most dutiful Son,

and most obedient Servant,

GEO. GRANVILLZ.

A
L E T T E R
W I T H A
CHARACTER of Mr. *WYCHERLY*.

MR. *Wycherly* being the only living Author eminent for his Writings, with whom it is your Misfortune to have no personal Acquaintance, you desire me to give you some Idea of him, in order to perfect a Design you are about of celebrating such of the Poets of the present Age as you think have deserved any Notice.

My Partiality to him as a Friend might render what I say of him suspected, if his Merit was not so well and so publickly established as to set him above Flattery. To do him barely Justice, is an Undertaking beyond my Skill : However, since you desire it, I will do my best, tho' under the Disadvantage of a Painter who in drawing a Lady *Sunderland*, or a * Lady

* *Dutchess of Montague.*

Moun-

Mounthermer, might express a Resemblance by which their Pictures might be known, but never reach that Perfection of Beauty, which nothing but an omnipotent Hand could form.

My Lord *Rochester*, in his Imitation of one of *Horace's* Epistles, thus mentions this Author :

Of all our modern Wits, none seems to me
Once to have touch'd upon true Comedy,
But hasty SHADWELL, and slow WYCHERLY. }
SHADWELL's unfinish'd Works do yet impart
Great Proofs of Nature's Force, tho' none of Art ;
But WYCHERLY earns hard whate'er he gains,
He wants no Judgment, and he spares no Pains.

The noble Author, however just in other Particulars, I am persuaded was led into that part of the Character of a Laborious Writer, merely for the sake of the Verse. If *Hasty* would have stood as an Epithet for *Wycherly*, and *Slow* for *Shadwell*, they would in all Probability have been so applied ; but the Verse would have been spoil'd, and to that it was necessary to submit.

Those who would form their Judgment only from Mr. *Wycherly's* Writings without any Personal Acquaintance with him, might indeed be apt to conclude
that

that such a Diversity of Images and Characters; such strict Enquiries into Nature; such close Observations on the several Humours, Manners, and Affections of all Ranks and Degrees of Men, and, as it were, so true and so perfect a Dissection of Human kind, deliver'd with so much pointed Wit, and Force of Expression, could be no other than the Work of extraordinary Diligence, Labour, and Application: But, in Truth, we owe the Pleasure and Advantage of having been so well entertain'd and instructed by him, to his Facility of doing it: If it had been a Trouble to him to write, I am much mistaken if he would not have spared himself that Trouble: What he has perform'd would have been difficult for another; but the Club which a Man of an ordinary Size could not lift, was but a Walking-Staff for *Hercules*.

To judge by the Sharpness and Spirit of his Satyr, you might be led into another Mistake, and imagine him an ill-natur'd Man: But what my Lord *Rochester* said of Lord *Dorset*, is as applicable to him ---- *The best good Man with the worst-natur'd Muse*. As pointed and severe as he is in his Writings, in his Temper he has all the Softness of the tenderest Disposition; gentle and inoffensive to every Man in his particular Character; he only attacks Vice as a publick Enemy, compassionating the Wound he is under a Necessity

to

to probe, or grieving like a good-natur'd Conqueror at the Occasions that provoke him to make such Havock.

King *Charles* the Second, a nice Discerner of Men, and himself a Man of Wit, often chose him for a Companion at his leisure Hours, as *Augustus* did *Horace*, and had very advantageous Views for him; but unluckily, an amorous Inclination interfer'd, the Lover got the better of the Courtier, and Ambition fell a Sacrifice to Love, the predominant Passion of the noblest Minds.

In the subsequent Reign, it was his Misfortune to fall under the Lash of merciless Creditors, he was arrested, and put in Prison; the King himself condescended to inquire into the State of his Debts, paid them, and released him. An Action worthy of a Monarch.

In the Turn of Times which has since happen'd, it is not for want of Friends, or powerful Sollicitations, that he remains in Obscurity; he can never forget the Generosity of that unfortunate Prince, and as in another Reign he chose to be a Victim to Love, he now chooses to be a Sacrifice to Gratitude. I give you these Instances to shew him to you as lovely in his Nature, as in his Poetical Productions.

There are who object to his Versification: It is certain he is no Master of Numbers; but a Diamond
is

is not less a Diamond, for not being polish'd. In Poetry, a smooth and harmonious Versification is the same with a fine Colouring in Painting; but if the Proportions are right, the Posture just, the Figure bold, and the Resemblances true to Nature, such a Piece may give infinite Delight, and be of inestimable Value, tho' the Colours should happen to be rough or carelessly laid on. A beautiful Face may charm, without the Help of Complexion; but the fairest Skin, with all its Lilies and Roses, makes Ugliness but more remarkable. Where Justness is wanting in the Design, and Spirit in the Execution, the finest Colouring Art can invent, is but Paint upon a frightful Face: Yet many of our modern Writers look no farther, they lay the whole stress of their Endeavours upon the Harmony of Words; like Eunuchs, they sacrifice their Manhood to a Voice, and reduce Poetry, like Echo, to be nothing but Sound.

In my Friend, every Syllable, every Thought is masculine: His Muse is not led forth as to a Review, but as to a Battle; not adorn'd for Parade, but Execution; he would be tried by the Sharpness of his Blade, and not by the Finery: Like your Heroes of Antiquity, he charges in Iron, and seems to despise all Ornament but intrinsic Merit.

Congreve is your familiar Acquaintance, you may
judge

judge of *Wycherly* by him : They have the same manly way of Thinking and Writing, the same Candour, Modesty, Humanity, and Integrity of Manners : It is impossible not to love them for their own sakes, abstracted from the Merit of their Works.

In short, Sir, I'll have you judge for your self : I am not satisfied with this imperfect Sketch : Name your Day, and I will bring you together ; I shall have both your Thanks. Let it be at my Lodging. I can give you no *Falernum* that has out-liv'd twenty Consulships, but I can promise you a Bottle of good old Claret that has seen two Reigns : *Horatian* Wit will not be wanting when you two meet. He shall bring with him, if you will, a young Poet, newly inspir'd, in the Neighbourhood of *Coopers-Hill*, whom he and *Walsh* have taken under their Wing ; his Name is *Pope* ; he is not above Seventeen or Eighteen Years of Age, and promises Miracles : If he goes on as he has begun, in the Pastoral way, as *Virgil* first try'd his Strength, we may hope to see *English* Poetry vie with the *Roman*, and this Swan of *Windsor* sing as sweetly as the *Mantuan*. I expect your Answer. Dear Harry, Adieu, &c.

T H E

Second OLYNTHIAN of DEMOSTHENES.

Translated in the Year 1702.

WHEN I compare, *Athenians*, the Speeches of some amongst us, with their Actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see, with what I hear.

Their Protestations are full of Zeal against the publick Enemy, but their Measures are so inconsistent, that all their Professions become suspected.

By confounding you with variety of Projects, they perplex your Resolutions, and lead you from executing what is in your Power, by engaging you in Schemes not reducible to Practice.

'Tis true, there was a Time when we were powerful enough not only to defend our own Borders, and protect our Allies, but even to invade *Philip* in his own Dominions.

Yes, *Athenians*, there was such a Juncture, I remember it well, but by neglect of proper Opportunities, we are no longer in a Situation to be Invaders ;

it

it will be well for us if we can provide for our own Defence, and our Allies.

This is the present Point to be settled; we can look no farther, as Circumstances now stand; it is in vain to form Projects of greater Consequence. In the End we may hope to humble our Enemy; but in order to arrive at a happy End, we must fix a wise Beginning.

Never did any Conjecture require so much Prudence as this: However, I should not despair of seasonable Remedies, had I the Art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right Measures. The Opportunities which have so frequently escap'd us, have not been lost thro' Ignorance, or want of Judgment, but thro' Negligence or Treachery.

If I assume at this time a more than ordinary Liberty of Speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently these Truths, which have no other End but your own Good: You have too many Reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkning to Sycophants; I shall therefore be plain in laying before you the Grounds of past Miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future Conduct.

You may remember, for it is not above three or four Years since, we had the News of *Philip's* laying Siege to the Fortress of *Juno in Thrace*; it was, as I think,

think, in *October* we receiv'd this Intelligence : We voted an immediate Supply of * threescore Talents, forty Men of War were order'd to Sea, and so zealous we were, that preferring the Necessities of State to our very Laws, our Citizens above the Age of † five and forty Years, were commanded to serve. What follow'd? A whole Year was spent idly, without any thing done ; and it was but in the third Month of the following Year, a little after the Celebration of the Feast of *Ceres*, that *Charidemus* set sail, furnish'd with no more than ‡ five Talents, and ten Gallies not half Man'd.

A Rumour was spread that *Philip* was sick ; that Rumour was soon follow'd by another, that *Philip* was dead : Thus, as if all Danger died with him, you drop'd your Preparations. Then, then was your Time to push, and be active ; then, then was your Time to secure your selves, and confound him at once. Had your Resolutions, taken with so much Heat, been as warmly seconded by Action, you had then been as terrible to *Philip*, as *Philip* recover'd, is now to you.

* Ten thousand eight hundred Pounds, Sterling.

† Citizens above the Age of Forty Five Years, were exempted by Law from any Obligation of Military Service.

‡ Nine hundred Pounds, Sterling.

To what purpose at this time these Reflections? What is done, cannot be undone. But, by your leave, *Athenians*, tho' past Moments are not to be recall'd, past Errors may be repeated. Have we not now a fresh Provocation for War? Let the Memory of Oversight, by which you have suffer'd so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present Danger. If the *Olynthians* are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost Efforts, you become Assistants to *Philip*, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

The Strength of that Commonwealth was once sufficient alone to curb and keep that aspiring Monarch within Bounds; neither durst *Philip* attack the *Olynthians*, nor the *Olynthians*, *Philip*, so equal was the Balance of Power between them. We join'd them, and it was no small Mortification to *Philip* to see at his very Gates a Republick, by being confederated with us, not only able to thwart all his ambitious Designs, but even to carry the war into the very Bowels of his own Kingdom. So exorbitant his Power was grown, that there was nothing left for us to wish, but to see him embroil'd with his Neighbours. Fortune has seconded our Wishes: What then have we to do but to second our Fortune, by sending a quick and powerful Assistance to these People thus happily engaged by Providence for our sakes? Should we neglect

lect an Opportunity so seasonable, and of such Importance, we shall not only be covered with Confusion and Reproach, but exposed to a long Chain of inevitable Evils from the Conqueror, especially considering the Disposition of the *Thebans*, ready to catch at any Occasion to hurt us; and the Inability of our Friends the *Phocians*, drain'd by a long War to assist us.

What Way then to put a stop to the Torrent? Or to prevent the Conqueror from turning his whole Force against *Athens* it self? The Man who is for deferring his Duty till then, had rather see War and Desolation in his own Country, than hear of it in another; and scandalously beg Assistance from his Neighbours, than generously give it. Nor can any thing be more obvious than that we are destin'd for his next Prey, if we permit him to succeed in his present Enterprize.

But, you will say, Have we not already unanimously voted to stand by the *Olynthians*? 'Tis true; but how will you do it? That's the Question. Be not displeas'd, *Athenians*, if I should point you the Way by offering any Advice disagreeable to your Inclinations, or the common Opinion.

I would have you begin by appointing a certain Number of Legislators or Commissioners to inspect your Laws, not to create a confusion of more, we have

have already but too many ; but rather to repeal such as upon Examination may be found prejudicial to the Publick, Let me speak plain——I mean those Laws which discourage and oppress the Soldiery, by appropriating to the Maintenance of our * Theatres that Money which ought to be applied as a Provision for them who daily venture their Lives for their Country.

When you have reformed those Abuses which give away the Bread of the Soldier to Citizens idle and un-
useful, and which squander in Pensions to Mimicks and Buffoons, what might be converted to the Support of Men of Honour. When you have abrogated those sanguinary Laws, that it may be no longer dangerous to speak plain, you will not then want Friends, who with Freedom and Sincerity will offer such Expedients as your Safety and the Exigencies of State shall require. But if you are too obstinate to revoke any Act once past, tho' never so contrary to Sense, and the publick Good ; if it shall remain a capital Crime to arraign any such Act, or demand the Revocation, you may spare your selves the trouble of enquiring after Truth, for who will seek to make you honest or wise

* *A Law, by which it was made Death for any one to propose applying to any other Use the Money appropriated for publick Shows.*

by the Forfeiture of his own Head?---No, *Athenians*, no, you must expect no Friends at that Price; the most forward and zealous of your Citizens will be circumspect, or silent, when their Sincerity must be fatal to themselves, without being serviceable to you, and as long as such Examples can be turn'd only to terrify others from endeavouring your Good with the same Freedom.

Since therefore such Laws there are, with such dangerous Penalties annex'd, that honest Men dare not speak plain, let the Promoters of the Mischief be condemned to repair it, by being obliged to run the hazard of demanding the Revocation. For what Freedom of Speech can you expect, if while you honour with your Protection, and encourage with your Favour such Sycophants only as humour your Fancy, and flatter your Inclinations, tho' never so contrary to your Interest, or your Honour; the true Patriot, who has no other View but the publick Good, shall be suspected and impeach'd, and deliver'd up a Sacrifice to the Hatred and Fury of the People. Let me tell you, Men of *Athens*, till some legal Redress may be had of this Grievance, the very best of your Citizens, let his Interest be never so powerful, will be question'd for the Freedom of his Advice, if he should be so mad as to
give

give it. But who will be a Friend, when he is sure to be treated as an Enemy?

It is not necessary to warn you, that Votes are of no Force, unless seconded by Action: If your Resolutions had the Virtue to compass what you intend, without other Aid, we should not see yours multiply every Day, as they do, and upon every Occasion, with so little Effect: Nor would *Philip* be in a Condition to brave and affront us in this manner: It has not happen'd thro' want of warm and seasonable Votes, that we have fail'd to chastise him long since. Tho' Action is the last in Place, and must succeed to Deliberation, it is the first in Efficacy, as crowning the Work, for nothing can be done without it.

Proceed then, *Athenians*, to support your Deliberations with Action: You have Heads capable of advising what is best: You have Judgment and Experience to discern what is right; and you have Power and Opportunity to execute what you determine.

What Time so proper for Action? What Occasion so happy? And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not *Philip*, contrary to all Treaties, insulted you in *Thrace*? Does he not at this Instant straiten and invade your Confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable Enemy? A faithless Ally? The Usur-

per of Provinces to which he has no Title or Pretence? A Stranger, a Barbarian, a Tyrant, and indeed what is he not?

And yet, O ye immortal Gods! when we shall have abandon'd all things to this *Philip*; when by the Indifference of some, by the Treachery of others, we have as it were, added Force and Wings to his Ambition, we shall yet make our selves a greater Scorn to our Enemies, by upbraiding and loading each other with the Reproach. Each Party, tho' equally guilty by their Divisions, of the common Calamity, will be imputing the Miscarriage to his Neighbour, and tho' never so conscious, every one will be excusing himself, by laying the Blame on another: As after the Loss of a Battle, not a Man that fled, but accuses his Companion, condemns his General; and separately examin'd, no one takes Shame to himself, each shifting the common Disgrace from one to another; but yet it is certain that every individual Man who gave ground was equally accessary to the general Defeat. The Man who accuses his Companion, might have stood firm himself had he pleas'd; and that which was a Rout, had then been a Victory.

Such is the Pride and Folly of Parties, overborn and sway'd by Personal Prejudice, sacrificing the Publick to private Resentment, and charging each other with
Miscarriages,

Miscarriages, for which they are every one equally accountable. A Manager for one Side proposes; he is sure to be opposed by a Manager for the other, not gently and amicably, but with Heat, Malice, and unbecoming Reflection; let a third more moderate arise, his Opinion is not to be received, but as he is known to be engaged in a Party. What Good can be hoped from such a Confusion of Councils directed only by Prejudice or Partiality, in defiance to Sense and right Reason?

If no Advice that is given is to be received, but as it suits the Humour of a Party, or flatters the Distemper of the Times; it is not his Fault who speaks honestly, but yours who resolve to be deaf to all Arguments that displease you. In Debates for the Publick, we are not to seek what will please, but what will profit. If our Wishes exceed what we have means to accomplish, we must contract our Wishes, and confine them to what is in our Power. Let the Gods have your Prayers to grant what is out of your Reach; nothing is impossible to them: But we who have only Human Means to act by, must be govern'd by Circumstances, doing as well as we can, and trusting the rest to Providence.

Suppose now, for Example, some Person should rise pretending to find sufficient Funds for a War, with-

out touching your Appointments for publick Diversions, and thus endeavour to reconcile your Duty with your Pleasure, with what Joy would you hearken to the Proposal ! But where to find this able Projector, I should be glad it were possible. But that Man must be a Fool, or a mad Man, or not think you much better, who would perswade you to continue dissipating real and solid Funds in ridiculous and superfluous Expences, under a vain Expectation of imaginary Ways and Means, that may never be found. And yet you would relish the Proposal, tho' never so inconsistent or incongruous ; what flatters, never fails of Reception ; every one is adding to his own Deceit, and overlooking the Improbable and the Impossible, sooths himself with any Extravagance that humours his Inclinations.

In Cases where Necessity is not to be reconciled to Pleasure, we must sacrifice Pleasure to Necessity, and conforming ourselves to the Nature, Condition, and Circumstances of our Affairs, act according to what we can, and not according to what we would. Thus if it were lawful to propose to you to employ for the Service of your Country those Sums which daily come into the publick Coffers to be idly spent, a vigorous War might be supported without any other Charge or Fund.

It is beneath the Spirit and Bravery of *Athenians* to bear thus patiently to be insulted for want of Funds necessary to support an honourable War. How is it of a piece with that Fire and Gallantry with which we took Arms to stop the *Corinthians*, and to punish the Treachery of *Megara*? Shall we who could resist *Greeks*, submit to be brav'd by a *Macedonian*, a Barbarian!

I mean no Offence: I am not so rash as to run headlong upon your Displeasure, and fail besides of doing you Service. But sure it is the Duty of every faithful and sincere Lover of his Country, to prefer the Welfare of his Fellow-Citizens to the Desire of pleasing them: It was with this honest Freedom the Commonwealth was directed by those ancient and memorable Patriots who to this Day are so prodigally prais'd, tho' so sparingly imitated — *Aristides*, *Nicias*, *Pericles*, and the great Man whose Name I bear.

But since we have been pester'd by a vile Race of Hypocrites and Sycophants, who dare not open their Mouths till they have learnt their Lessons, till they have servilely inquired what they shall say, what they shall propose, what they shall vote, and in what they may make themselves agreeable: In a Word, since Advices publickly given, must first be whisper'd by

some great Man, or Minister, and you bespeak, as it were, and prepare your own Poison, how can it otherwise happen but your Debates must be corrupted, your Councils ineffectual, your Reputation blasted, and Disgrace accumulated upon Disgrace, whilst those illustrious Parasites flourish and prosper by their Country's Ruin.

Observe, I beseech you, Men of *Athens*, how different this Conduct appears from the Practice of your Ancestors: I shall be short, and alledge no Instance but what is notorious: To induce you to be honest and wise, there will be no need of foreign Examples, the domestick will be sufficient.

Your Ancestors, who were Friends to Truth and Plain-dealing, detesting Flattery and servile Compliance; your Ancestors, I say, by unanimous Consent, continued Arbiters of all *Greece* for the Space of Forty Five Years without Interruption; a publick Fund of no less than * Ten thousand Talents was ready for any Emergency: They exercis'd over the Kings of *Macedon* that Authority which is due to Barbarians, obtain'd both by Sea and Land in their own Persons frequent and signal Victories, and by their noble Ex-

* One Million Eight Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling.

plots transmitted to Posterity an immortal Memory of their Virtue, superior to the rest of Mankind, and above the Reach of Malice or Detraction.

Such were your Ancestors in respect to their Figure abroad, and in regard to all *Greece* in general. Let us now consider these great Men in their private Capacities and their particular Stations in *Athens* alone.

It is to them we owe that great Number of publick Edifices by which the City of *Athens* exceeds all the rest of the world in Beauty and Magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately Temples so richly embellish'd, but above all adorn'd with the Spoils of vanquish'd Enemies, bearing an eternal Record of their immortal Virtue. But visit their own private Habitations ; visit the Houses of *Aristides*, *Miltiades*, or any other of those Patriots of Antiquity ; you will find nothing, not the least Mark or Ornament to distinguish them from the meanest of their next Neighbours. They meddled not in Government to enrich themselves, but the Publick ; they had no Schemes or Ambition, but for the Publick ; nor knew any Interest but the publick. It was by a close and steady Application to the general Good of their Country, by an exemplary Piety towards the Immortal Gods, by a strict Faith and religious Honesty between Man and

Man, and a Moderation always uniform, and of a piece, they establish'd that Reputation which remains to this Day, and will last to utmost Posterity.

Such, O Men of *Athens* ! were your Ancestors, so glorious in the Eye of the World ; so bountiful and munificent to their Country, so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What Resemblance can we find in the present Generation to those great Men ? How much unlike ! What a provoking Reflection ! But tho' much might be said, I shall observe only this :

That at a Time when your ancient Competitors have left you a clear Stage ; when the *Lacedemonians* are disabled, the *Thebans* employ'd in Troubles of their own ; when no other State whatever is in a Condition to rival or molest you ; in short, when you are at full Liberty, when you have the Opportunity and the Power to become once more sole Arbiters of *Greece*, you permit patiently whole Provinces to be wrested from you : You lavish the publick Money to scandalous and obscure Uses ; you suffer your Allies to perish in time of Peace, whom you preserv'd in time of War : And, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary Court, and servile Resignation to the Will and Pleasure of designing, insidious Leaders, abet, encourage

rage and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your Enemies.

Yes, *Athenians*, I repeat it, you yourselves are the Contrivers of your own Ruin; lives there a Man that has Confidence to deny it; let him arise, and assign if he can any other Cause of the Success and Prosperity of *Philip*.

But you reply, What *Athens* may have lost in Reputation abroad, she has gain'd in Splendor at home: Was there ever a greater Appearance of Prosperity, a greater Face of Plenty? Is not the City enlarg'd? Are not the Streets better pav'd, Houses repair'd and beautify'd? — Away with such Trifles, shall I be paid with such Counters? An old Square new vamp'd up! A Fountain! An Aqueduct! Are these Acquisitions to brag of?

Cast your Eye on the Magistrate under whose Ministry you boast these precious Improvements. Behold the despicable Creature rais'd all at once from Dirt to Opulence, from the lowest Obscurity to the highest Honours. Have not some of these Upstarts built private Houses and Seats vying with the most sumptuous of our publick Palaces? And how have their Fortunes and their Power increas'd, but as the Commonwealth has been ruin'd and impoverish'd?

To what are we to impute these Disorders? And to what Cause assign the Decay of a State so powerful and flourishing in past Times? The Reason is plain: The Servant is now become the Master. The Magistrate was then subservient to the People; Punishments and Rewards were Properties of the People; all Honours, Dignities, and Preferments were disposed by the Voice and Favour of the people: But the Magistrate now has usurp'd the Right of the People, and exercises an arbitrary Authority over his ancient and natural Lord.

You miserable People the mean while, without Money, without Friends, the Supports of Power, from being the Ruler, are become the Servant; from being the Master, the Dependant: Happy that these Governors into whose Hands you have thus resign'd your own Power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor Allowance to see Plays.

Altho' this pitiful Provision was originally an Establishment of your own, you are as thankful, as well pleas'd, and acknowledging, as if these Creatures of your own making were your real Benefactors, and as if the Obligation was deriv'd from their Bounty, and not from your own Institution.

It is by means of this implicit Trust, this absolute Resignation and Deference, that these cunning Imposers have by little and little work'd themselves into arbitrary Power

Power, undermin'd your Liberties, and prepar'd you insensibly for Slavery. Neither is it in Nature, *Athenians*, that from Men of such vitious and selfish Principles any generous or noble Design can be expected: There can be no better Rule to judge of a Man, than by his ordinary Occupations, and common Course in private Life.

I should not be surpriz'd if I incurred your Displeasure by my Frankness; nor if by seeking to open your Eyes, I should be treated more like an Enemy, than those who blind and abuse you: I know very well, you are seldom in Humour to suffer bold Truths, and am rather surpriz'd at this unusual Attention, by which I am encouraged to proceed.

Believe me, *Athenians*, if recovering from this Lethargy, you would assume the ancient Freedom and Spirit of your Fathers; if you would be your own Soldiers, and your own Commanders, confiding no longer your Affairs in foreign or mercenary Hands; if you would charge your selves with your own Defence, employing abroad for the Publick, what you waste in unprofitable Pleasures at home, the World might once more behold you making a Figure worthy of *Athenians*.

Of what Benefit, of what real Advantage to you is that wretched Subsistence with which you are so poorly contented? What is it but a mere Encouragement for Idleness?

Idleness? Too little to satisfy, and but just enough to prevent a more honest Industry: Like the slender Diet allow'd to the Sick, which neither contributes to Health, nor Strength, and but barely serves to keep together a miserable Life.

“ You would have us then (say you) do Service in
 “ our Armies, in our own Persons, and for so doing,
 “ you would have the Pensions we receive in time of
 “ Peace, accepted as Pay in time of War. Is it thus
 “ we are to understand you? ”

Yes, *Athenians*, 'tis my plain Meaning. I would make it a standing Rule, That no Person, Great or Little should be the better for the Publick Money, who should grudge to employ it for the Publick Service. Are we in Peace: the Publick is charg'd with your Subsistence: Are we in War or under a Necessity, as at this Time, to enter into a War? Let your Gratitude oblige you to accept as Pay in defence of your Benefactors, what you receive in peace as mere Bounty. Are there who taking the Benefit of the Law, would excuse themselves by pleading their Age? Their Age, however, hinders them not from eating the Bread of the Commonwealth. Let then the Claim of him who would shun the Service, be given over and above to him who is willing in what he can to serve his Country.

Thus

Thus without any Innovation, without altering or abolishing any thing but pernicious Novelties introduced for the Encouragement of Sloth and Idleness; by converting only for the future the same Funds to the Use of the Serviceable, which are spent at present upon the Unprofitable, you may be well served in your Armies, your Troops regularly paid, Justice duly administered, the publick Revenues reform'd and increas'd, and every Member of the Commonwealth render'd useful to his Country, according to his Age and Ability, without any further Burthen to the State.

To conclude: What I insist upon is no more than this. That the Wretch who during Times of Danger is not asham'd to linger at home, and chooses to lead a lazy sauntering, unprofitable Life, canvassing the Actions of others, questioning and inquiring after News, under what foreign General, and with what Troops of Mercenaries, such and such a Battle was fought, should no longer be permitted to eat the Bread of the Diligent and Laborious. For it is thus to a Tittle these domestick Loiterers spend and waste their miserable Hours.

When I nam'd Foreigners, it was not to reflect upon those Men who perform for you, that Duty, which you ought to perform for your selves: But to provoke you, if possible, not to resign to Strangers those Opportunities

portunities of gaining your Esteem, which might be made use of to entitle you to theirs: Nor to renounce and abandon, as you do, that Reputation which you inherited from your Ancestors, and was purchas'd for you with so much Toil, Hazard, and Glory.

This, O Men of *Athens*! is what my Duty prompted me to represent to you upon this Occasion. May the Gods inspire you to determine upon such Measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general Good of our Country.



A

VINDICATION of General MONK,

Duke of Albemarle, from some Calumnies of Dr. Burnet, and some Mistakes of Dr. Echard, in relation to the Sale of Dunkirk, and the Portugal Match.

THERE can be no greater Proof of Skill in a Prime Minister, in any Transaction where a Miscarriage may be liable to popular Clamour, than to take such Precautions in the Execution, that the Publick may be at a loss, upon any warm Enquiry, where, with Certainty, to fix the Advice: Suspicion, without Proof, avails little, it is *Vox, et preterea nihil*, and in process of Time sinks into Oblivion.

But if in succeeding Ages some Historian shall arise pretending to new Lights, who out of Tenderness to the Character of the Person originally suspected, or out of Malice to another, shall take upon him to clear that Suspicion, by charging the Facts upon some body else, till then out of the Question, it can be no Wonder if
such

such pretended Discovery should awake the Curiosity of some impartial Reader to be inquisitive into the Grounds of that new Assertion.

The Sale of *Dunkirk*, and the *Portugal Match*, were two important Advices in the beginning of King *Charles the Second's* Reign, imputed to the Earl of *Clarendon*: The general Opinion charged him with both, but he so artfully took his Precautions, that no certain Proof could be fix'd upon him of either.

This great and able Statesman had guarded himself so well, and thought himself so secure of the Impotence of his Accusers, that it was declared on his behalf, if any one single Article of his Impeachment could be proved, he would be content to submit to the Guilt of the Whole.

Upon this Foot it might have remained dubious, or forgotten for ever, if some officious Historians of late, out of mistaken Zeal, had not revived the Inquiry by reflecting the Odium upon another great Man, too considerable not to be vindicated, General *Monk*, Duke of *Albemarle*.

Dr. *Burnet*, Bishop of *Salisbury*, in his History of his own Times, or rather his History of the Scandal of his own Times, positively, and with the greatest Confidence acquits the Chancellor, and, charges the General with the Sale of *Dunkirk*. The Military Men,

Men, says, that illustrious Prelate, were corrupted with *French Money*: the Chancellor understood not those Matters, but refer'd to *Monk*, who positively advis'd the letting it go. The Earl of *Clarendon*, Son to the Chancellor, assured him his Father kept himself entirely out of that Affair. No body but Monsieur *Schomberg* a Foreigner by Birth, and by way of Excellence, I suppose he means, a *Calvinist* in Religion, appear'd to have the Interest of *England* at heart; but he was singular in his Opinion, and over-ruled by a bribed Council; the Bargain was concluded, the King had the Money, which he squandered away immediately among the Mistress's Creatures, &c.

What a Jumble is here of wild incoherent Slander, with as little Judgment as Truth! Was it likely the Military Men should be corrupted against their own Interest? Was it likely they should advise disbanding themselves, and giving up the only remaining Place where there could be any Pretence for preserving a Body of Troops? Was it likely that General *Schomberg*, a Soldier of Fortune engag'd in the Service of *France*, and whose sole Dependance was upon the Favour of that Court, should be so unfaithful to his Trust, and such an Enemy to himself, as to dare singly to oppose what his Master had so much at heart? Was it probable that a Man, whose Glory and future Establishment

blishment depended upon the Success of his Expedition to *Portugal*, and was here only to solícite the Means for it, should take so much pains to obstruct the only Expedient for a present Supply to enable him to proceed in that Adventure, the Pretence for the Sale of *Dunkirk* being chiefly to answer that Charge? Was it likely there should not be one *Englishman* in the whole Council who had the Interest of *England* as much at heart as a Foreigner? What a heap of Contrarieties are here, for the sake only of a satyrical Conclusion upon the King, false and scandalous, this Transaction being in the Second Year of his Majesty's Restoration, when he was but newly married, and long before the Influence of any Mistress.

By this one flagrant Instance of Prejudice, in every Circumstance meer Invention and fabulous, let the World judge of the rest of those uncharitable Reflections and manifold Defamations, so confidently spread throughout the whole Book, and daringly dedicated to the God of Truth. The Right Reverend Author has been in no one Assertion more peremptory and positive than in this.

How far the Chancellor kept himself so entirely out of this Affair, and how far the General was so positively in it, shall appear in its proper Place. But first

let

let us hear what Mr. Archdeacon *Echard* says upon the same Subject.

This reverend Historian is full as affirmative as the Right Reverend one, that the Chancellor knew nothing of the Matter ; but instead of the General, he hooks in the Admiral. He was assur'd by a knowing Man, that the Earl of *Sandwich's* Opinion determin'd this great Point : The Coast was generally so tempestuous, and the Grounds so rolling upon every Storm, that there could never remain any certain Steerage to the Port : For these and other Reasons, tho' oppos'd by Chancellor *Clarendon*, the King was content to deliver up the Town and Port of *Dunkirk*, &c.

What Testimony can be more confident and positive than this ? He was assured of it by a knowing Man, but no Conjuror, as will appear.--- He goes on --

“ At this Time we do not find many Complaints
“ against This, or the *Portugal* Match ; but when
“ the ill Effects of both began to appear, as the en-
“ creasing Power of *France*, and the Queen's Want
“ of Issue, great Out-cries were made, and Chancel-
“ lor *Hyde* was unreasonably charged with the Scan-
“ dal of both, when he was really free from the
“ Guilt, or rather Misfortune of either.”

In this Evidence, another great Personage is introduc'd, the Admiral join'd to the General ; but the
Chan-

Chancellor still continues out of the Case ; in That both Historians, the Reverend, and the Right Reverend are equally positive.

There is a wide Difference to be made between the Motives of these two eminent Divines, tho' they agree in the same confident Assertion. The Prelate nowhere disguises his Personal Hatred to General *Monk*, and takes all Occasions to bespatter his Character and lessen his Merit : His Crime was Restoring the King without Conditions or Limitations : The Royal Family, according to the Presbyterian Scheme, was to be brought back in Chains, or not at all. This is the Foundation of the Bishop's Ill-will ; he owns it, and repeats it as often as the Occasion falls in his way. Mr. Archdeacon was far from being tainted with any such Prejudices ; the Chancellor's Character was what he affected, and had only at heart ; he was fully persuaded of the Truth of what he avers ; his Mistakes are not wilful, nor sharpen'd with any Spirit of Malice : If he has been sometimes deceived by too implicit a Faith in his Guides, he certainly had no Intention of being himself a Deceiver. Perhaps he might here and there be too partial a Friend ; 'tis sure the Bishop is every where too inveterate an Enemy. Yet from these very opposite Motives they both assert the same thing. The Chancellor, says the Bishop, *entirely ;*

tirely; and *really*, says the Archdeacon, kept himself free from any Share in this Transaction.

If these learned Divines had left it there, I should have been very well contented to take their Words without farther Enquiry; but since the Bishop could not be satisfied with excusing one, without accusing another, to whose Memory I am bound by all the Ties of Kindred, Gratitude, and Honour, I feel myself in a manner call'd upon to ascertain the Truth.

General *Monk* foresaw early what might happen to be the Fate of *Dunkirk*, and took his Precautions in the very beginning to preserve it, by placing Sir *Edward Harley* in the Command, a Man of publick Spirit, firm to the Interest of his Country, and not to be bias'd, tempted, or deluded to be assistant in any thing contrary to it. This appear'd plainly afterwards; for the first Step taken, as soon as the Treaty was projected, was to remove that gallant Man, and place another Governor in his stead, of whose Compliance and Submission the Minister was better assured. This Particular I had from as knowing a Man as any Mr. Archdeacon could have been acquainted with.

But, as in the Relation of Historical Facts, when any evident Contradictions appear, supported on both sides by positive Testimony, the Reader either believes as he is inclin'd, or is at a loss what to believe;

lieve ; I shall therefore wave any farther Intelligence for which I can produce no other Evidence but Hear-say, and what I have been told ; and offer only such Proofs as are incontestable and equal to Mathematical Demonstration.

The Count *D'Estrades*, who was the sole Manager on the Part of *France* for the Treaty of *Dunkirk*, has let us into the whole Secret of that Affair, in his Letters and Negotiations, printed at the *Hague* in the Year 1709, which being publish'd before either Mr. Archdeacon's History, or the Bishop's came out, I am sorry to say, neither Author could plead Ignorance in what they have so openly and positively persisted to affirm contrary to the plainest Evidence.

It appears that neither *France* nor *Spain* at that time had any Views about *Dunkirk*. *England* was safe and quiet in the Possession ; nor could there have been a more agreeable Surprize to the King of *France*, than to receive an Overture for the Purchase : The first Motion came from the Chancellor himself, which Monsieur the Count *D'Estrades* has given to the Publick under that great Minister's own Hand, inviting him to pass into *England* to confer together upon some Matter of Importance. This first Letter is dated from *Hampton-Court*, June 29, 1662, Signed *Clarendon*, Page 279 ; which Letter was followed by an-
other

ther from the King himself, pressing the same Inter-
view to settle an Affair that his Chancellor had pro-
posed to him, &c. And this is accompany'd by an-
other of the same Date, *July 27, 1662*, repeating
the same earnest Desire of a Conference, Signed *Claren-
don*. There seems to be no great Haste on the part
of *France*, to answer these pressing Instances from the
King of *England* and his Minister: The *French* King's
Letter, in which he permits Monsieur *D'Estrades* to
comply with their Desire, bearing Date from *St. Ger-
mains en Laye*, not till *August* the 22d; expressing at
the same time great Impatiencce to know what his
Brother of *England* has to propose to him; so little
did he dream of any Proposal about *Dunkirk*. The
Count thus authorized, comes over with full Power
to treat, whatever the Subject might be; and this
Matter of great Importance proves to be no less than
an Offer of the Sale of *Dunkirk*.

The *French* Minister acquaints his Master, in a
Letter dated *August* the 27th, 1662, That he had
had two Conferences with the Chancellor; That the
Chancellor acknowledged that the Project for the Sale
of *Dunkirk* came solely from himself; That he had
no body of his Sentiments but the King and the Duke
of *York*; That he was still to bring over *Monk* the
Lord Treasurer, and the Earl of *Sandwich*, which he
could

could not possibly hope to do, but by the great Advantages which might arise to the King by it; That having already made the Proposal to them on account of the Necessities of State, they had offer'd an Expedient to preserve it, and ease the King of the Expence; which Expedient was, to put the Place under the Direction of Parliament, which would provide for the Charge, and still leave the King Master, &c.

By this Letter of the *French* Ministers it plainly appears that General *Monk* and the Earl of *Sandwich* were so far from being any way Promoters of this Treaty, that they were the principal Obstructors of it; and to make all sure, were for transferring the Custody of the Place to the Care of the Parliament it self; the Publick should be charged with its Preservation.

The *French* King, in answer to the aforesaid Letter, *August* the 27th, 1662, among many other very remarkable Passages, has the following Observation—

“ It was a Misfortune that the Chancellor was oblig’d to communicate the Affair to General *Monk*,
 “ the Lord High-Treasurer, and the Earl of *Sandwich*, Admiral; but he supposes a Necessity for it,
 “ that their Concurrence, if it could be obtain’d,
 “ might in all Events be a Screen for himself, &c.

It appears likewise in the same Letter, that the Earl of *Sandwich* had propos’d the Demolition of *Dunkirk*, preferably

preferably to the Sale; and his Majesty frankly declares to his Minister, with an Injunction however to keep the Secret, That he had rather the Place were in the Hands of the *Spaniards*, or the *Dutch*, or even demolished, as the Lord *Sandwich* had proposed, than remain in the Hands of the *English*, &c.

Of such Importance was the Possession of *Dunkirk* to *England*, in the Opinion of that politick Prince.

Nothing can be more curious than the Detail of all the several Conferences between these two great Ministers, set down at large in the Count *D'Estrades's* Letters; the utmost Skill and Dexterity of able Statesmen is exerted on both Sides: The Reader may satisfy himself there of many extraordinary Circumstances, and artful Managements, unnecessary to my Purpose, which is not to engage in any Reflections or Observations upon this extraordinary Proceeding, but only to take off the Load from those noble Persons so unjustly charged with it. I shall therefore make but one Quotation more, and with that close my Evidence.

Upon the Conclusion of this memorable Treaty, the *French* Minister thus writes to his Master.

London, October 27, 1662.

S I R E,

“ At last, after abundance of Delays and Difficul-

VOL. II.

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“ ties

“ ties which are now removed, I have signed the
 “ Treaty of *Dunkirk*, and send it to your Majesty by
 “ this Express. I must not forget to observe, That
 “ the Chancellor is the Man who has suffer'd most of
 “ any body in the Disputes which were rais'd by all
 “ the Council upon this Affair. The Commissioners
 “ are the very Persons who have labour'd most to break
 “ it off; and one must own that the Reasons alledg'd
 “ for it were so strong, that the King of *England*
 “ and the Duke of *York* would have been shaken by
 “ them, if he (the Chancellor) had not taken care to
 “ keep them up to their first Resolution.

“ This has appeared so plain to the whole Court,
 “ that occasion has been taken from thence to fall up-
 “ pon him as the sole Author of the Treaty. His E-
 “ nemies and the *Spanish* Party proclaim loudly — That
 “ as he committed an egregious Blunder with regard
 “ to the *Portugal* Match, in having made it without
 “ being first assur'd of the Protection of *France*, so he
 “ had been guilty of as great an Imprudence on this
 “ Occasion, in that he was giving up *Dunkirk* with-
 “ out being first assured of the strict Union which he
 “ pretended this Treaty would produce with your
 “ Majesty, who when you saw your self Master of
 “ the Place, without any Stipulation of particular Ad-
 “ vantages to *England*, might only think your self
 “ oblig'd

“ oblig’d to such Civilities as might embark you in
“ nothing. That as nothing but his private Inter-
“ rest had engaged him in the Marriage, to be re-
“ veng’d of the ill Treatment he had receiv’d from
“ the *Spaniards*, and out of fear of being supplanted
“ by their Party; so the single Consideration and In-
“ terest he had in being supported by *France*, made
“ him forget the true Interests of the King his Ma-
“ ster, and sacrifice for it a Place which was of more
“ Consequence for the Reputation of *England*, and
“ for its Consideration with regard to Foreigners, than
“ the whole Kingdom of *Ireland*, &c.

He concludes thus :

“ This extraordinary Proceeding makes me believe
“ the King of *England* resolved at any rate to have
“ your Majesty’s Friendship : That the Chancellor
“ puts him upon it for his own private Interest ; and
“ that this is the main Reason why the Duke of *York*
“ meets your Majesty at *Dunkirk*, to give you the
“ strongest Assurances of it. I fancy too that the
“ Chancellor will send by him some Advices which
“ may be of service to any Designs you may form
“ in time upon *Flanders* ; so that you ought not to
“ be discourag’d by the Lateness of the Season from
“ coming thither, as you had resolved, &c.

After the Publication of so particular and authentick a Relation of this Treaty, with what Assurance could Mr. Archdeacon and the Bishop pronounce that the Chancellor *really* or *entirely* was free from any hand in it? Can any thing be clearer than that the Proposal came singly from himself at first, and that it was by his sole Influence carry'd at last? It appears that he was driven to exert himself in an extraordinary manner by the strong Opposition he found: That even the King and the Duke began to be stagger'd by the Strength of the Reasons alledged against it, not by any Foreigner, but by those very noble Persons themselves so falsely charged, and all the rest of the Council. What then becomes of that Speech imputed to the Earl of *Sandwich*, which a knowing Man told Mr. Archdeacon decided this great Question, tho' so much opposed by the Chancellor? what becomes of the Bishop's Charge of Venality upon the Military Men, the General, the Court, and the whole Council? What becomes of those fine Flourishes about Monsieur *Schomberg*, the only Man, tho' a Foreigner, with an *English* Heart? for which, if it had been true, the *Bastile* would have been the least part of his Punishment. And to conclude, one may very well say, What becomes of all those other ill-natur'd Invectives, those unchristian Reflections, those defamatory Characters, and

and all that Dirt scatter'd up and down, in which neither Rank, nor Dignity, nor Sex is spar'd.

A Man convicted upon Record of wilfully bearing false Testimony in any one single Case, will hardly have his Evidence admitted in another: A Record of greater Authority cannot be than these Letters of the Count *D'Estrades*: The Bishop could not plead Ignorance, they were in every Man's Hands several Years before the Publication of his Book.

These learned Divines could not but know, that to affirm a positive Falshood in excuse of the dearest Friend, at the Expence of an innocent Man's Character, is Doctrine no where allowed where Christianity or common Morality is profess'd.



Of the Portugal M A T C H.

THE *Portugal* Match preceded the Sale of *Dunkirk*, and the Sale of *Dunkirk* was the Consequence of the *Portugal* Match.

The King was newly restored to Dominions wasted and impoverish'd by a long ruinous Civil War: The highest Bidder in ready Money to supply the Necessities of State was the Alliance most likely to prevail: Whatever *Portugal* propos'd to give, *Spain* offer'd as much, but the Performance of Promise on that Side was suspected, *Portugal* was thought the surest Bargain, and had the Preference. The King had a very ample Portion with the *Infanta*, but being at the same time engaged in Honour to stand by his Brother-in-law against *Spain*, he was soon reduced to seek for Expedients to answer the Demands of that Service: The readiest that offer'd was the Sale of *Dunkirk*; an Act of Necessity not Choice in the Earl of *Clarendon*, who has been proved to propose it. Which, by the by, is a much better Excuse for that great Minister than such Denials of Fact as imply Consciousness of Guilt, and Self-condemnation.

As in the Case of *Dunkirk*, so in this of the Marriage, the Consequences not answering the Hopes and Wishes of the Nation, Mr. Archdeacon *Echard* will by no means allow his favourite Minister to have had any Part in it: With the same Confidence that he affirm'd *Dunkirk* to have been given up, in spite of the Chancellor's Opposition, he affirms this Marriage to have been begun without his Privity, and concluded without his Approbation; and the General is again introduced to bear the Burthen.

For my part, I can see no reason to disown the Advice, whoever had given it. Where could there have been found a more virtuous Princess, every way qualified and worthy to sit upon a Throne? If Providence, having other Views for the Happiness of the Nation, thought fit to deny the Blessing of a fruitful Bed, was any Man to answer for that? It would have been no Dishonour at all to the Duke of *Albemarle* to have been the principal Agent in it, neither will it be any to the Earl of *Clarendon*, if it should be proved that he was.

Here I have to do again with the same Witnesses; how far such Testimony is to be credited, where the Partiality of one, and the Prejudice of the other have been so manifestly proved, let any unbiass'd Man judge.

Mr. Archdeacon is the principal Witness, I shall begin with him first.

This reverend Author opens his Evidence with a formal Preamble, that this Marriage having made a great Noise, and occasion'd innumerable Reflections, which have been much mistaken by the Nation, he had enabled himself by Informations of unquestionable Veracity to inform the World better : And being thus enlightned he begins by discovering a strange and wonderful Secret, That the *Pyrenæan Treaty* was the Occasion and Root of the *Portugal Marriage* ; and this he proves by such Deductions, and such a Chain of Thought, that he might as well have said it was the Occasion and Root of the *Protestant Succession*. For Example, The *Pyrenæan Treaty* begot a Peace between *France* and *Spain* ; that Peace begot an Alliance between *England* and *Portugal* ; that Alliance begot a Marriage between King *Charles* the Second and the *Infanta* ; that Marriage begot nothing — that nothing begot a Popish Successor ; that Popish Successor begot the Revolution, and the Revolution begot the Protestant Succession. Can any thing be clearer ? But who could have thought it ? --- Not *Mazarine*, nor *Don Lewis De Haro*, as sharp-sighted as they were.

Well --

Well -- *Portugal* by this Treaty by finding it self deserted in appearance by *France*, applies to the Powers then uppermost in *England* for Help, and a Treaty is signed with the Council of State for its Defence, as appears in the *Paper-Office* at *Whitehall*.

But what is all this to the Marriage? You shall hear -- Then comes General *Monk* to Town; and this cunning *Portuguese* having a shrewd Guess at his Intentions, which as yet he had never reveal'd to any Man alive, strikes up another Bargain with him, which was to marry the King, when he should think fit to call him home, to the *Infanta*. And thus this profound Politician secures his Point both ways; by a present Alliance just then signed with the reigning Powers, as appears in the *Paper-Office* at *Whitehall*, and a future one with the next Comer, as never appear'd any where till Mr. Archdeacon made the Discovery, in all Probability by the help of the same knowing Man who inform'd him so well about *Dunkirk*.

If the Scene had been laid after the General had openly declared himself, there might have been some Sense in the Story; till he was secure of his Point, and just ready for Execution, he suffer'd no Mortal to penetrate into his Secret: Where he had no Doubt of Fidelity, he mistrusted Discretion, and was as much

upon his guard with an inquisitive Friend, as a designing Enemy.

An Instance or two of this extreme Caution may not be improper to give, that by having a just Idea of the Man, the Reader may better judge of the Improbability of the Story.

Some time before the General marched out of *Scotland*, Sir *John Granville* (afterwards Earl of *Bathe*) sent Dr. *Monk* a reverend Divine, Brother to the General, with a Message and a Letter from the King to engage him in his Majesty's Interest. When the Doctor arriv'd, the General was then holding a Council of Officers, and was not to be seen in some Hours. In the mean time he was receiv'd and entertain'd by Dr. *Price*, the General's Chaplain, an honest man, and Well-wisher to the King. The Doctor having an entire Confidence in the Chaplain, talk'd freely with him about the affair that brought him, and engaged him to second him, if there should be occasion. At last the General arrives, the Brothers embrace, and after some little preliminary Conversation the Doctor opens his Business: The General interrupts him to know if he had ever mention'd the Subject of his coming to any body else before: To no body, reply'd the Brother, but to Dr. *Price*, whom he knew to be in his entire Confidence. The General, altering his
Counte-

Countenance, chang'd the Discourse, and would enter into no further Confidence with him at that time, but sent him away with the first Opportunity. He would not trust his own Brother the Moment he knew he had disclosed the Secret, tho' to a Man he himself could have trusted.

Upon the General's Arrival at *London*, the same Sir *John Granville* was dispatched in Person by the King then at *Brussels*, with Letters and Instructions to him. He apply'd himself to Mr. *Morice*, who was then solely in the General's Confidence, to procure him an Audience: The General excused himself from seeing him, he was so notoriously obnoxious to the Government, that if it should be known he had given him any Admittance, it might create unseasonable Jealousies; and therefore if his Cousin would tell *Morice* his Business, it would be the same thing as if he had told it to himself: *Morice* said he had already press'd him to it, but he refus'd: The General insisted, and directed him to tell him again plainly, that whatever he had to say to him, he would receive it no other way. *Morice* returns with Sir *John Granville's* Answer, which was as plain, That he would deliver his Message to no body but himself, and if he would not receive it in that manner, he would be gone the next Day. The General having purposely made
this

this Experiment of his Cousin's Discretion, and finding he was to be trusted, admitted him immediately to a private Audience; and it was then they settled together the Method of the Restauration, which soon followed.

He was as circumspect in the manner of sending back his Answer, and the Advices proper for the King to follow: He wrote them down, and when Sir *John Granville* had got them perfectly by heart, and repeated them to him so as to be fully Master of them in his Memory, he made him tear the Writing in pieces before his Face, and for the first time would trust nothing to Paper. He enjoyn'd him likewise to give him the most solemn Assurances not to reveal any part of this Conference to any Man alive but the King himself, and to require it of the King to keep the Secret as inviolable, till Matters were more ripe; and above all, from the Chancellor by Name. He knew the Chancellor to be engaged in Correspondence with Sir *Anthony Ashley Cowper*, and other Chiefs of the Presbyterian Party, whom, tho' he was forced to humour, and comply with in many things, he durst not entirely trust.

This was the very critical Juncture when he was beset with Spies of all sorts at home and abroad, to watch every Look, and enquire into every Motion.

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The Execution of his Design depended upon impene-
trable Secrecy. *France* was the most alarm'd, and
whatever might be his Project, he was offer'd Affi-
stance from thence, whether for himself, or a Restau-
ration. *Bourdeaux* the *French* Ambassador, Resident
in *England* to the Commonwealth, solicited *Clerges*
with all the Temptations with which *France* could
flatter his Ambition, by direction from the Cardinal ;
but the General always upon his guard, with his usual
Caution, refus'd so much as to admit of a Visit from
him, but upon condition to mention nothing of Busi-
ness.

About the same time a great number of the princi-
pal Officers of the Army applied to him in a Body to
take the Government upon himself ; they would sup-
port him, and were well assured the best part of the
Nation would concur in it : They neither liked a King
nor a Commonwealth ; but a single Person was neces-
sary to be vested with Supreme Authority, and he
was the only Man who could pretend to it. He shift-
ed them off by the Example of *Cromwell's* Fate, being
resolv'd to submit to the Determinations of the next
Parliament in settling a Government.

Sir *Anthony Ashley Cowper*, so famous afterwards by
the Name of Earl of *Shaftsbury*, and the Chiefs of the
Presbyterian Party, who had the King in view upon
Terms

Terms of their own, were much alarm'd at this Address from such a Body of Officers, and their Suspicions became very troublesome and perplexing to him. The Greatness of the Temptation was to be apprehended in any Man who had not a Greatness of Soul above it.

The Parliament which was not without its Jealousies too, endeavour'd to engage him by the Offer of the Royal Palace of *Hampton-Court*, with a suitable Grant out of the Lands of the Crown, which he likewise rejected.

In this Interim Sir *John Granville* arrives; he closes with him, and disappoints them all by a happy Restoration, free of all selfish Demands, or ungenerous Impositions.

This is the Man to whom Dr. *Burnet*, amongst other palpable Slanders, is pleas'd to give the Character of rapacious.

These are known positive Truths, vouched by the Persons themselves who were the Negotiators and Actors. But Mr. Archdeacon, who seems fond of Discoveries, and to love a new thing, has found out that he was prevail'd upon in a Conference with the *French* Ambassador to set up for himself, but was prevented by the Vigilance of Sir *Anthony Ashley Cowper*, the Secret being betray'd by the General's own Wife, who hid

hid herself behind the Hangings to over-hear their Discourse. Thus he was catch'd like *Sampson*, the *Philistines* ploughing with his own Heifer.

This notable Secret Mr. Archdeacon has fished out of a broken imperfect Manuscript, said to be found amongst Mr. *Locke's* Papers, but without any Author's Name, and printed in his Works under the Title of *Memoirs relating to the Life of Anthony Earl of Shaftsbury*. It appears to be no more than an unfinish'd Essay for a Panegyrick of that noble Lord, collected from Minutes of his own. It is not from Flattery we are to seek for Truth. I readily agree to all the Personal Encomiums of that great Man. His Exactness in all Turnings, and Windings, and Shiftings of Party, in not betraying one to another, as often as he had occasion to change Friends; it must be allowed to have been fair and honourable Dealing. It might indeed be said, That this negative Quality of not being a direct Villain, is no positive Proof of being entirely a Man of Honour: But what then? Is there no Virtue in not playing the Knave.

His Sagacity in discovering a young Lady's Secrets by her Mother's Looks; and his Quickness in preventing his Friend from an egregious Blunder, by a seasonable Question; all this, and much more to the advantage of so consummate a Statesman's Character,

I could have believed, if the Author of his Panegyrick had thought fit to proceed even upon more exalted Topicks. But for the Historical Part, as it appears to be dress'd up from Minutes of his own, another of his intimate Friends, Dr. *Burnet*, has given us warning not to be too credulous. He had such an extravagant Vanity in setting himself out, as was very disagreeable: "He carry'd it, says his Friend, to such a length, as to pretend that *Cromwell* would have made him King, &c.

If a *L'Estrange*, or any Party-Writer of those Times had said this, I should have laid no Stress upon it; but coming from a Companion, a Friend, an Associate in Principles and Politicks, I must be excus'd if I seek for more Certainty of Fact from less romantick Strains.

Sir *Thomas Clerges*, a Man of unquestionable Truth, whose Sincerity was never suspected, and who was personally privy to, and Agent in this very Affair, has himself given a full and exact Relation of every particular Passage of it. He affirms in express Terms, that the General refused positively to receive so much as a Visit from the *French* Ambassador, but upon condition to speak of no Business. The Address of the Officers, indeed, created some Bustle. This authentick Account is to be found in the Continuation of
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the History of *Great-Britain*, added to *Baker's Chronicles*, written by Sir *Thomas Clerges* himself, or under his immediate Direction. *Vide* Page 755, 756, 757.

This pretended Conference then of the General with the *French* Ambassador, thus treacherously over-heard behind the Hangings, may be plac'd with *Oliver Cromwell's* Conversation with the Devil, before the Battle of *Worcester*, another of Mr. Archdeacon's secret Discoveries.

This mutual Jealousy of General *Monk* and the Chiefs of the Presbyterians, continued to the very last Moment ; it may not be improper to give an Instance of it ; the Curious will forgive me.

My Father, Mr. *Bernard Granville*, was the Person entrusted by the General with his last Dispatches to the King to invite him home, and to acquaint him that every thing was then ready for his Reception.

When he gave him these final Instructions he acquainted him, That there were other Messengers going over at the same time in the same Ship from Sir *Anthony Ashley Cowper*, and others, directed to the Chancellor : That he should take care not to be suspected of being any thing more than a common Passenger, nor charged with any Business : And above all, to use such Diligence as to get first to the King, that his Majesty might not be surprized or perplex'd
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by any uneasy Importunities, or disagreeable Demands, but be prepar'd in what manner to receive and content them with general Answers. My Father accordingly arrived the first by two or three Hours: the King was at Supper: Upon sending in his Name, his Majesty immediately rose from Table and came to him in another Room. The King had no sooner read the General's Letter, but he embraced the Bearer, and told him, never was Man more welcome to him; he could now say he was a King, and not a *Doge*.

It is certain the General's extreme but necessary Caution and Taciturnity gave Latitude to others to assume more Merit than belonged to them. The King himself, who best knew, has decided this Question by declaring in all his Grants and Patents of Honour to the Duke of *Albemarle* and the Earl of *Bathe*, that he owed his Restauration, as it was free and independent, to their sole Management.

These perhaps may be thought too large Digressions; but such remarkable Passages happening in my way, I hope to be excus'd.

Thus watched, thus pressed, and thus surrounded, is it possible to suppose a Man so circumspect, even with his most intimate Friends and nearest Relations, should at this very critical Time expose his Secret to
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the *Portugal* Minister, a Spy by his Post, by entring into any Negotiation that could give the least Light into his Intentions? It is very reasonable to think that the General might go on with the Plan of an Alliance with *Portugal*, as he found it agreed and signed, and in that Mr. *Morice* and *Ruffel* the Interpreter might be employ'd; but that any mention could be made of the Marriage till the Stroke was struck, and the King recall'd, is past belief.

When the Restauration was declared, it may very well be that the *Portugal* Ambassador might make such a Proposal to the General as an additional Temptation to his Majesty to confirm the Alliance. It is probable that the General might give ear to it, so far as to engage himself to recommend it with all its Advantages to his Majesty and his Minister's Consideration at a proper time; so far may be true. But Mr. Archdeacon is in such a Hurry for fear the Chancellor should be thought the first Mover of it, that as he brings the General and the Ambassador together before Matters were ripe for it, so he makes the General propose it as much too hastily, immediately upon his Majesty's first setting foot upon *English* Ground! No sooner did his Majesty land, says Mr. Archdeacon, but the General offer'd him this Marriage-Proposal: And as nothing to be sure could be deny'd him in the
very

very restoring Moment, it was immediately embraced and pursued: So that his Excellency, it seems, made a King and a Queen too the same Day. An Honour I never heard attributed to him before.

The Truth is, the King had started other Game upon that very Day, and had secured something to embrace that he liked much better than a Wife of his own. The General likewise had other Thoughts in his Head more suitable to his Calling, his Character, and the Business of the Day; he had two Advices uppermost in his Heart for his Master's future Security and Glory: With these he was determin'd to begin: Matrimony might keep cool, at least for one Day. The Historians of those Times having been either ignorant of them, or past them by, they are too remarkable to remain unmentioned.

* He began then by representing the Necessity of preserving the Forts and Garrisons in *Scotland*, in the Condition in which his Majesty would find them. The Original of the Troubles began there, but by the Precaution which had been taken by his Enemies, it was no more in their Power to play the same Game again: That as he found this ready done to his hand, he

* *This Advice is falsely attributed by Dr. Burnet to the Chancellor.*

might

might take the Advantage of it without Murmur or Reproach, as not being his own Act. The Wisdom of the Nation lately, has justify'd this Advice by doing the same thing.

The next Point was (and this he propos'd at the time when he shew'd the King his Army drawn up in Battle upon *Black-Heath*): That as the first beginning of the Rebellion was fomented by *France* where his Majesty had likewise received Personal Affronts, he would give him leave to lead that Body of Veterans, in which every common Man had the Experience of an Officer, into that Kingdom to which his Majesty had as good a Right as to the Three of which he was now taking Possession: That there could not be a properer Juncture, considering the Discontents prevailing at that time against the Minister, who had been his greatest Enemy: That by thus employing these Men, who were but new Converts to Monarchy, they might in time wear out their old Principles, and become as zealous for him as they had been against him, especially by being engag'd in an Expedition so agreeable to their Natures as *Englishmen*, and in a Cause so like what they had been fighting for in *England*: That this would be safer than disbanding them all at once, and dispersing them here and there at home, to return back perhaps to the rebellious

bellious Notions in which they had been bred : And therefore if his Majesty would permit the Attempt, he made no doubt but to give him as good an Account of his *French*, as of his *British* Dominions ; till then he should think he had done but half his Work.

These were Advices worthy that great Man, and more suitable to his military Genius than Match-making. Why they were not followed, or by whom obstructed, I will not take upon me to say : But sure this was no Time nor Place to be talking of a Wife : That Proposal might wait till his Majesty was arrived, and at rest in his Palace.

The King now at home, and peaceably settled upon his Throne; I will allow, for it is not worth a Dispute, That the General might very reasonably offer this Marriage-Proposal to be compared and considered with any others that might be proposed ; but then he pursued it no farther ; he left it there, and the Chancellor took it up.

Mr. Archdeacon was very ill informed of the Administration of Affairs at that time to imagine, that any thing, of any Nature, could be done without the Chancellor's Privity and Approbation. The King had been long accustomed to be totally resigned to his Advice during his Exile, and continued so for the first Years of his Return ; a more absolute Minister could

could not be. The General was the very first Man he attempted to mortify by undervaluing his Services, and magnifying the Merit of the Presbyterians, to whom the Preference was given in all Rewards and Honours. When it was under Consideration in what manner to distinguish the General himself, the Chancellor proposed to make him only Earl of *Essex*, with a Pension of Three Thousand Pounds a Year. The King was ashamed of the Motion; he acquainted Sir *John Granville* with it, and order'd him to discourse with the General himself, and sift what might satisfy his Ambition: The General, who would make no Terms before he had done his Work, tho' he had had *Carte blanche* sent him, continued in the same Resolution of desiring nothing now it was done: It was then left to Sir *John Granville's* Management. It was not for the King's Honour to appear ungrateful in the Face of the World, to a Man from whom he had just received three Kingdoms in so generous and so disinterested a manner; and thus he was created Duke of *Albemarle*, with a very moderate Grant to support his Dignity, if compared with what we have seen since for much less Services.

In the Creations which followed, there were but two who were intimately the General's Friends, and they were postponed the last in Rank and Precedence:

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Colonel *Charles Howard*, in whom he had always placed a particular Confidence, was upon the List for an Earldom: He applied to the Chancellor about his Rank, and demanded it next to Sir *John Granville*, whom for many Reasons he took for granted would be the first: The Chancellor readily complied with his Request: When the Creations were made, Sir *John Granville* Earl of *Bathe* found himself the last but one: and Colonel *Howard* Earl of *Carlisle*, was the last of all: When he would have expostulated, the Chancellor told him he had no reason to complain, he had what he desired. These are Instances I know from the first hand, tho' perhaps never publick before, and may be sufficient to show how little Power the General had from the very beginning of the Chancellor's Ministry, to carry any Point either for himself or his Friends, in contradiction to him.

Upon this Foot he had little Encouragement to meddle in Civil Affairs. He kept his Post as General, and was always ready to perform his Duty in that Station. In all eminent Dangers and Distresses of the State, he was sure to be called upon: When the City was in Flames, his Presence only could quiet the Consternation; he was immediately recall'd from his Command at Sea, where he was pursuing Victory upon Victory, to be charged with the publick Peace at home, under

under that terrible Calamity, as if no Restauration of any kind could be without him. When the Plague was in every corner of the Streets, when every other Person was at liberty to provide for his Safety, he alone was appointed to stay, to watch the Infection, comfort the Afflicted, relieve the Sick, and bury the Dead. I have been told by Persons sitting at Table with him, that his Servants have drop'd down dead as they have been waiting behind his Chair, or placing the Dishes: When the *Dutch*, taking advantage of these National Calamities, appeared with Defiance in the very Mouth of the *Thames*, as General he defended the Coast, and as Admiral revenged the Affront. Wherever Danger appear'd, at home or abroad, by Sea or by Land, the Resort was to him as to the Father of his Country.

This is the Man whom Dr. *Burnet* has the Arrogance to represent as useless, inconsiderable, and despised by the King himself after the Restauration.

Such were the Occupations appropriated to this great Man. Foreign Negotiations, Marriages, Alliances, and all political Managements, Settlements, and Intrigues, were entirely the Chancellor's Province: The General had no Share in Transactions of that sort, unless particularly called upon, and his Consent

necessary to give Weight and Authority to their Proceedings, as in the Case of *Dunkirk*.

It is plain then that without the Chancellor's Privy and Approbation this Marriage could neither have been begun nor compleated. The General might possibly be the first Person to mention it, and that was all: No Treaty, or Negotiation followed upon it, till it came proposed in form from the Court of *Portugal*, directly to the Chancellor himself. If it was the General's Motion at first, it will appear to have been so far from being embraced and pursued, that it was drop'd till it became the Chancellor's Act. It is a poor Evasion to say he was not the first who spoke of it: he was the Minister who resum'd it, transacted it, and finish'd it.

Mr. Archdeacon himself confesses at last that the Chancellor came chearfully into it for some time, which is a Self-contradiction to what he had alledged before of not being privy to it: But then to make amends, he makes sure of proving his Disapprobation.--- It is true says our reverend Author, he did for some time come into the Measures, till he made some Discovery of the probable Consequences of the Marriage. Therefore upon one Sunday he begg'd his Majesty to call a secret Council (and a very secret one it was) in the Red Chamber in *Whitehall*; to which his Majesty consented

sented. At this Meeting, with great Skill and Management, the Chancellor cunningly contrives that no body should be present but his own two most intimate Friends, the Duke of *Ormond* and the Earl of *Southampton*. And here the reverend Historian makes a Speech for the Chancellor, as in the Case of *Dunkirk* he made one for the Earl of *Sandwich*. ——— That hitherto he had chearfully gone on with the Marriage-Treaty, &c. but now he had undoubted Proofs that the *Infanta* was incapahle of bearing Children, which would be such a Calamity upon the Nation as he was sure his Majesty would prevent, if possible. And then produces a List of six Princesses, all Protestants, out of which his Majesty might make his Choice. But the King frowning and swelling, answer'd it was all a *Spanish Lye*, and commanded him to proceed with the Treaty: And so the Meeting broke up.

There needed not so much Ceremony for the Chancellor to tell his Mind to the Duke of *Ormond* and the Earl of *Southampton* his fast Friends, with whom he communicated every Hour of the Day. If the Duke of *Albemarle* was so deeply concern'd, methinks he of all Mankind might have seem'd the most necessary Man to have been summon'd.

It happen'd indeed unluckily while this Treaty was in Agitation, that the Duke of *York*, presumptive Heir

of the Crown, married the Chancellor's Daughter; and as the Enemies to the *Portugal* Match gave out at the same time an Incapacity in the *Infanta* of bearing Children, if that should prove true, the Chancellor might be suspected of having made this Match to secure the Succession of the Crown to his own Grand-Children: Tho' he was a Man of too strict Probity and Honour, and too faithful a Servant to his Master to be capable of any such wicked Policy, there was no being sure what Interpretations the malicious World might make; it was therefore incumbent upon him by some prudent Precaution to fence against any such lurking Slander; and great Pity it was that instead of making any such Declaration, as Mr. Archdeacon pretends, privately, before two only of his select Friends, that it was not made openly to a full Council, so as to stand the Test in all Events.

But so far was he from that, that however he is thus said to have whisper'd his Dislike, he declared his Approbation aloud, in the most open and solemn manner, in the Face of the World, in the Presence of King, Lords and Commons. It appears that upon his Majesty's communicating to his Parliament his Intention of marrying, the Chancellor in a set deliberate Speech delivers his Opinion, That this Marriage would be the most grateful News the whole Kingdom could receive:

receive : That it would be judged an irrecoverable Error in Policy, if *Portugal* should be suffer'd again to be swallow'd up by *Spain* : That the *Spanish* Ambassador had omitted neither Offers nor Threats to obstruct it : Nay, that he pretended even to be so solicitous for the Advancement of the Protestant Religion, that he had propos'd several Protestant Princesses to whom his Master would give the same Portion as with an *Infanta* of *Spain*, &c.

Thus it appears this Protestant List was the *Spanish* Ambassador's, and not the Chancellor's ; and he introduces the mention of it upon this solemn Occasion only to make himself merry with it.

Upon the rising of the same Parliament, his Lordship in another publick Oration in the same Place enlarges yet farther upon the Blessings to be expected from this Match. After having expatiated upon the manifold Felicities of the Nation at that time, he concludes, That there wanted only one Blessing more, the Arrival of the Queen, whom God had now safely brought to the Nation : A Queen of such rare Endowments of Wisdom, Virtue, and Piety, that they might from her reasonably promise themselves all the Happiness they were capable of, &c.

After such publick solemn Declarations of his Mind, from the first to the last, with what face can any Man

say this Marriage was begun without his Privity, and concluded without his Approbation? No Man shall persuade me that this honest Minister, so quoted for Sincerity and Uprightness, could so egregiously prevaricate with the Publick, if these were not his real Thoughts.

The reverend Historian could not have pitch'd upon a Name of more Weight and Authority than Sir *Robert Southwell's*, to give Sanction to his secret Discoveries: He was indeed very deservedly an intimate Friend to the Duke of *Ormond*, and by consequence no less devoted to the Chancellor. His Veracity is not to be doubted in whatever he has given under his Hand to his own knowledge: But without having had a Sight of that Manuscript refer'd to by Mr. Archdeacon, I dare say he no where charges the Duke of *Albemarle* with being the Conductor and Concluder of this Marriage, independent of the Chancellor; or to have had any hand in it, any other way than as it happen'd to be an Incident consequential of the Treaty with *Portugal*, after the Restauration. As to the Incapacity in the *Infanta* of bearing Children, it was never proved nor acknowledg'd: On the contrary, I have heard many Ladies of equal Quality to the Dutchess of *Guadiloupa*, some of them my near Relations, who had the Honour to attend upon her Majesty's Person,

Person, from her first coming into *England* to her dying Day, affirm it to have been a false Imputation; and that she was twice declared to be with Child is an undeniable Proof of it.

And now for a finishing Stroke, this reverend Historian concludes with telling us, That the Duke of *Albemarle* was sway'd and influenc'd to this Alliance by the Principles he had imbibed in his Youth.

One would think this Alliance had been some very wicked abominable thing, destructive of the Interest of his Conuntry; and yet it is the same that the Wisdom of the Nation has thought fit to continue ever since, after the Experience of almost an Age, as the most beneficial of all others to the Trade and Commerce of *England*. It were to be wish'd Mr. Archdeacon would have explained what he meant by those Principles imbibed in his Youth. He was descended of as ancient and loyal a Family, and good Members too of the Church, as any in the West of *England*; and his Education was accordingly. He was driven very young into the the Military Service by a filial Resentment; his Father, Sir *Thomas Monk* having receiv'd a publick Affront, he as publicly reveng'd it, and was forced to fly for it: Sir *Richard Granville* took him under his Protection an Ensign in Sir *J. Borough's* Regiment, of which he himself was then Lieutenant-

Colonel, and with him he serv'd in *Spain*, in *France*, in the *Palatinate*, and in the *Low-Countries*, till by the course of Service he arived at the Command of a Regiment in *Holland*. In that Service he continued till upon some Slight put upon the *English* Troops in their Quarters, by Order of the *States*, he resented for the Honour of his Country, and threw up his Commission. The Rebellions soon after breaking out in *Scotland*, in *Ireland*, and in *England*, he engaged himself against the Rebels in every one of these Kingdoms, till he was taken and committed to the Tower a close Prisoner, and not let loose till the War was over and another Government settled. These were the Services and Sufferings in which his Youth was spent. What then could be those Principles which Mr. Archdeacon insinuates in so dark a manner that he had imbibed in his Youth, leaving it to the Reader's Imagination to make whatever malicious Construction or Interpretation he pleases? What clearer Proof could he give of the Principles he had imbibed in his Youth than the Restoration it self.

Mr. Archdeacon's Partiality to the Chancellor, so eminent a Patron of the Church and Church-men, I grant to have been a grateful and a laudable Zeal, but but then it ought not to have been a blind one.

Thus much for Mr. Archdeacon.

Dr.

Dr. *Burnet* has something to say upon the same Subject; and tho' after what has been proved upon him in the Affair of *Dunkirk*, his Evidence in all other Cases must be suspicious, yet out of respect to his Purple it is fit we give him a Hearing.

He is as affirmative as in the Sale of *Dunkirk*; begins with abusing the King according to custom; and concludes the Marriage to have been *Monk's* Doing: He was told so by Sir *Robert Southwell*; and that it was manag'd by a *Portuguese Jew*.

Here the Doctors differ, and yet quote the same Authority. The reverend Historian had it from Sir *Robert's* Manuscript, that the *Portugal* Ambassador proposed it: The right Reverend has it from Sir *Robert's* Mouth that it was a *Portuguese Jew*: His Word is produced against his Hand: It is a bad Sign when Witnesses on the same Side disagree.

The Bishop's Hear-says are indeed in most Cases very doubtful: His History is a Collection of little else but *such a one told such a one, and such a one told me*. This sort of Testimony is allowed in no Case, nor can the least Certainty be built upon Stories handed about from one to another, which must necessarily alter in the several Repetitions by different Persons. I shall then conclude with one Observation only upon

the most important Hear-say in his whole Book, upon which the Credit of the rest may depend.

His Lordship had it from Mr. *Henley*, who had it from the Dutches of *Portsmouth*, that King *Charles* the Second was poisoned. It was my Fortune to be residing at *Paris* when this History was published: Such a Particular was too remarkable not to raise my Curiosity: The Dutches was then likewise at *Paris*: I employed a Person who had the Honour to be intimate with her Grace, to enquire from her own Mouth into the Truth of this Passage: Her reply was this, That she recollected no Acquaintance with Mr. *Henley*; but she remember'd well Dr. *Burnet*, and his Character: That the King and the Duke, and the whole Court look'd upon him as the greatest Lyar upon the face of the Earth, and there was no believing one Word that he said.

I only repeat the Answer I received: Far be it from me to make any such Reflection.

To conclude. As in the Case of *Dunkirk*, so in this of the Marriage, there happens to be the like authentick unquestionable Evidence to clear all Doubt. It may therefore seem wonderful that when Mr. Archdeacon was taking such pains to enlighten himself and the World in this Matter, that the *Sieur d'Ablancour's* *Memoirs of Portugal* should have escaped him, unless,
like

like Judge *Archer*, he was resolved to examine but one side.

The *Sieur d'Ablancourt* was Minister Resident from *France* at the Court of *Portugal* when this Marriage-Proposal was made, in which *France* it self was too much interested not to be well informed. These Memoirs were printed and publish'd at *Paris* in the Year 1701, and translated into *English* in the year 1703.. The Author declares that he advances nothing but from his own certain Knowledge, or unquestionable Authority, and cannot be suspected to have any thing to manage either thro' Hope or Fear in whatever may relate to the Conduct of a Minister of another Court. A great Man at home can never want Emis-saries to affirm or deny as he directs: From such as we are sure can neither be bias'd by Friendship, Interest, Partiality, or Prejudice, we are most likely to hear the Truth. I will give it in the Words of the Translator, *Page 51.*

“ The *Portuguese* understanding that the *English*
“ had called home their King, they sent *Francisco de*
“ *Mello de Torres Count de Ponte*, and afterwards
“ Marquis of *Sandes*, in quality of Extraordinary
“ Ambassador to congratulate his Return; and the
“ Queen gave him in charge to confer with Chan-
“ cellor

“ cellor *Hyde*, and to engage him to dispose the King
 “ his Master to espouse the *Infanta of Portugal*.”

It is plain from this Paragraph that the Duke of *Albemarle* had not charged himself before with this Negotiation ; if he had, there would have been no occasion for changing of Hands, or at least the Instruction would have been to join with the Duke of *Albemarle* in disposing the King his Master, &c. but there is not the least mention so much as of his Name throughout the whole Course and Progress of the Treaty. This Marriage, which was so readily embraced the Year before, that there seem'd to be nothing wanting but Consummation upon the King's immediate landing, was now to be begun again, and not a Word drop'd of what Mr. Archdeacon assures us had been agreed upon at that time.

The Author goes on :

“ At this time *France* had in a manner abandon'd
 “ the *Portuguese*, and affronted their Ambassador the
 “ Count *de Soure*, at his Departure from *Havre de*
 “ *Grace*, insomuch that it seem'd the most expedient
 “ course for *Portugal* to enter into a strict Alliance
 “ with *England*. The *Portuguese* in this Conjun-
 “ cture rightly consider'd, that a banish'd King re-
 “ turning to take possession of his Dominions, would
 “ have need of Money to reward such as had done
 him

“ him Service, with which if they would supply
“ him, it would be easy for him to assist them with
“ Men and Ships : Wherefore the Marquis of *Sandes*
“ proposed to the King to marry the *Infanta* of
“ *Portugal*, putting him in hopes of some Millions of
“ Money with her : And he so managed Matters,
“ that by the means of Chancellor *Hyde* he persuaded
“ the King, in spite of all the Opposition of the
“ *Spaniards*.

“ The King therefore declared to his Parliament,
“ that after having advised with his Council, he had
“ come to a Conclusion with his Chancellor and the
“ Marquis of *Sandes*, to espouse the *Infanta* of *Por-*
“ *tugal*. After this the Chancellor represented at
“ great length, That the *Portuguese*, upon his Maje-
“ sty's Return, had demanded to renew their Al-
“ liance, but that his Majesty had refused it, however
“ advantageous it might be to *England*, till such time
“ as he had the Advice of his Parliament what should
“ be done as to the 10000 Men that had been pro-
“ mis'd by the Usurper : That to grant that Aid
“ would make a Breach with *Spain*, and to refuse
“ it would ruin the Commerce with *Portugal*, and
“ also occasion the Destruction of that Kingdom.

“ The Ambassador of *Portugal* hearing of this
“ Speech, and fearing what might be the Sequel,
came

“ came to new Offers. The *Spaniard* for his Part
 “ proffer’d to give as much as *Portugal*, if King *Charles*
 “ would marry a Protestant Princess: And that if
 “ neither a Daughter of *Saxony* nor of *Denmark* would
 “ please him, he might have the Princess of *Orange*
 “ upon the same Conditions that formerly he had de-
 “ sired: Or he might have the Princess of *Parma*, to
 “ whom the King of *Spain* upon that very Account,
 “ had given a considerable Dowry: But if his Ma-
 “ jesty in lieu of Money would rather have some-
 “ thing else that might be more for his Conveniency,
 “ he needed but explain his Mind and he should re-
 “ ceive that Satisfaction which could not be afforded
 “ by the *Portuguese*.

“ This Matter was debated in the King’s Council,
 “ where it was agreed, That seeing the *Spaniards*
 “ would undoubtedly fail in their Promises touching
 “ the Marriage, it was most expedient to embrace
 “ the Proposals of *Portugal*, who with the *Infanta*
 “ would give the Town of *Tangier* in *Africk*, and
 “ that of *Bombay* in the *East-Indies*, with three Mil-
 “ lions of Livers, and Jewels to a great Value, &c.

Our Author concludes with the following Reflection:

“ Those who with impartial Eyes looked on these
 “ Intrigues, could not but admire that a Protestant
 “ Chancellor should persuade the King his Master to
 “ espouse

“ espouse a Catholick Princess, when at the same time
“ a Catholick King propos’d to that Prince a Prote-
“ stant Consort.”

The Count *D’Estrades*, who upon this Occasion may be called in again as a corroborating Witness, reconciles that Wonder in his Letter upon signing the Treaty of *Dunkirk*, wherein the Chancellor’s Conduct is reflected upon, as to the manner of concluding the *Portugal* Marriage, and imputed to him as an Act of Resentment for some former Slight he had personally received in *Spain*, and Jealousy of being supplanted by the *Spanish* Faction. To which Letter I refer.

And with these Records as authentick in this Case of the Marriage, as in the other of *Dunkirk*, I take leave of this Argument, referring the Conclusions to the Judgment of every impartial Reader.

I have only to desire not to be mistaken in any of the foregoing Observations, as if I had any Meaning to lessen or detract from the Chancellor’s Character : No Man alive will go greater Lengths in doing Justice to the Merit of that great Man and his Memory, without injuring another’s. If he shall have appear’d in any single Instance to have been surprized by some prevalent Passion or Resentment, let us, who are at so great a distance from the same Perfection, lament our Condition, when a Person endowed with so many
great

great Qualities, possess'd of so many eminent Virtues, and fortified with such a superior Strength of Reason and Judgment, could yet have any unguarded Place.

As in the Construction of human Bodies, the strongest and the healthiest Constitutions have some inward Defect, some latent Infirmity in their Compositions which sooner or later proves their Mortality; so in the Frame of the Mind, the most heroick and exalted Spirits, the wisest and best Men are necessarily made subject to some particular Failing, some predominant Passion to distinguish them from the Excellence of Divine Beings.



A

VINDICATION

O F

*Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE, General in the West
for King CHARLES the First, from the Misre-
presentations of the Earl of Clarendon, and the
reverend Mr. Archdeacon Echard.*

IF in private Life there can be nothing so ungene-
rous and immoral as to encourage a Conversation
at the Expence of our Neighbour's good Name: How
much more cruel and more criminal must it be in Hi-
storians to transmit to Posterity false Reports and Cha-
racters of the Dead.

An idle Story may die in the telling, and the Li-
ving may have Opportunities of justifying themselves:
But when a grave Author, a Person whose Character
of Probity and Veracity shall insnare the belief of Fu-
turity to the Prejudice of good or gallant Men, long
since

since in their Graves, branding their Names with Infamy, which is no longer in their own Power to wipe off, nor perhaps in the Power of any one Man remaining alive, to contradict; What Excuse can be made for that Man?

Who takes away my Life, tho' it is no more than what I am sure one time or other to lose, shall yet be punish'd with Death: But who assassinate my Reputation, and murders my good Name, infinitely more precious than Life, shall do it with Impunity: Is it because the Crime is so much greater that no Punishment can be found adequate to it?

Yet as heinous as is this Crime before God and Man, such is the Force of Prejudice and Partiality, the very wisest and best Men have not been able to contain themselves from transgressing this first and greatest Law of Morality and Charity, revenging upon the Memories of the Dead, the Prejudices they bore them during their Lives.

It is therefore a Duty incumbent upon every honest Man, a Lover of Truth, whenever he meets with any Detractions of that kind, to vindicate the Innocent let the Injury come from what Hand it will, provided he is furnished with sufficient Materials for it: To conceal the Truth in such a Case, is being accessory to the Evil.

The

The greater the Author, and the more established the Reputation of his Integrity and Knowledge, the greater the Danger : Succeeding Historians rely upon his Word, and without farther examining, hand down from one to another to all Futurity, a loyal Subject for a Traitor, and a gallant Man for a Villain : which being translated perhaps into the Language of other Nations, fixes unmerited Reproach over the whole World, and to the end of the World, upon Names and Families.

For Example. The Earl of *Clarendon's* History of the Rebellion is received universally as the Standard of Truth for all the Events and Characters of Persons acting in those Times : His Affirmation has been thought sufficient Authority for whoever has written after him.

Thus Mr. Archdeacon *Echard*, the next succeeding Historian, presuming upon the Faith of an Author of such Gravity and Dignity, confirms and continues down as a corroborating Evidence, the same Personal Characters, without considering how tender a Point it is, to wound any Man's good Name upon trust.

Let me tell the Doctor, Credulity is but a poor Excuse in that Case : It is not enough to say, — Such a one, or such a one affirm'd it. — Who could have doubted such an Authority ? In matters of Censure, it

is

is the part of a good Christian always to doubt : but such is the Perverseness and Ill-nature of Mankind, when we hear any Good of another, it is then only we doubt, the Ill passes for current.

I shall mention only one Instance, nor shall meddle with any thing but what I can demonstratively prove: Which is — That the noble Historian in his Character of Sir *Richard Granville*, and in his Relation of the Western Proceedings, has been too passionate, and too much interested ; and the reverend Historian too implicate and credulous.

When we find an Author labouring beyond measure to depress any particular Man's Character ; losing his Temper whenever he has occasion to name him ; entering into low ungenerous Enquiries into private Circumstances and domestick Concerns, Disputes between Man and Wife, idle Stories, and meer Tittle-tattle, inconsistent with the Gravity of History, or the Moderation of an Historian ; what can we think but that some secret Resentment was the Cause ? The very manner of introducing or pursuing the Argument will be sufficient to make the Truth suspected. And such is the Frailty of Human Nature, never enough to be lamented for the sake of Truth, that even the most cautious, the most discreet, and the most pious, have their Prejudices and Passions like other Men,

Men, and therefore are not blindly credited. The strongest Reason and the sublimest Virtue are but too often overcome by the over-ruling Assaults of private Resentment and Revenge.

If then the noble Historian shall appear in any Case to have transgress'd in this kind, let us lament the Weakness of Human Nature, without imputing any thing to him.

The present Alliance of our Families, which gives me so near an Affinity to both, may justly defend me from any Suspicion of other Motive in my present Undertaking, but barely the Love of Truth, and Justice to the helpless: And who can be more so than the Dead, who lie silent in the Grave and can make no reply?

The noble Historian opens his Ninth Book, beginning at the Year 1645, with a solemn emphatical Preamble professing the strictest Impartiality, in relation to Persons and Facts in the Account he is preparing to give of the Transactions of that Year in the *West*. He declares there was not one Man who acted any Part in that Service with whom he had ever any Personal Difference or Unkindness: But that there was one Exception at least to this general Declaration is what I shall undertake to prove.

The

The Miscarriages of that Year were attended with such dismal Consequences, that either the Military Men or the Civil were chargeable with the Loss of the Kingdom. The Chancellor, who was then upon the Spot supreme Director of the Council, had no other way of exonerating himself but by throwing the Blame upon the Officers of the Army, and especially the General, whom therefore he represents under such a Character in the previous Parts of his Life, as may render the very worst he can say of him credible, when they come to act together. I shall then examine in the first place those preliminary Reflections antecedent to their Conjunction.

He thus begins.

* “ Sir Richard Granville was younger Brother
 “ to the brave Sir Bevil, who so courageously lost his
 “ Life at the Battle of *Lansdowne* : But in Nature
 “ and Humour no way of Kin to him —

* *The Chancellor spells the Family Name Greenvil, wherein he has been followed by others, as an Oracle in Heraldry as well as History: If Cambden had been consulted, or any ancient authentick Record, it would have been found that A and E single have often varied in different Ages, but never with a double E. All ancient Names have suffer'd the same Change, especially of the Letter A into an E single.*

[This

[This Distinction may be just, and yet no Reflection: The elder Brother was at the Head of a Country Interest to be cultivated by neighbourly Friendships, Courtesy, Civility, and Generosity. The Younger was a thorough Soldier, bred from his Infancy in Camps, at the Head of Men governable only by Authority and strict Discipline.]

“ Of a very ancient Family in *Cornwall*, which had
 “ in several Ages produced Men of great Courage and
 “ very signal in their Fidelity and Services to the
 “ Crown. He embraced the Profession of a Soldier
 “ very young, under the greatest General of the Age,
 “ Prince *Maurice*, and returned an Officer of great
 “ Expectation — (But) — greater Promise. Upon
 “ breaking out of the War with *Spain*, he engaged
 “ in the Expedition to *Cales*: Upon the breaking out
 “ of the War with *France*, he accompanied the Duke
 “ of *Buckingham* to the Isle of *Rhee*, became a Fa-
 “ vourite, and was promoted with general Approba-
 “ tion, as an Officer who well deserv’d it, &c.

Thus far there is no great Cause of Complaint: A gallant Man it seems he was, and a good Officer — (But) — let that pass: The noble Author fairly allows what no body could deny.

Having now informed us who he was; the next thing to be told is, what he was; *Impiger Iracundus,*
Inexorabilis,

Inexorabilis, Acer.—Without Mercy, without Bowels: And he begins with his Conduct to the Rebels in *Ireland*.

Let us examine what sort of Rebels those were: Mr. Archdeacon *Echard* thus describes that bloody Insurrection; neither is the noble Historian behind-hand with him in aggravating the enormous Perfidiousness and Barbarities of those People.

“ A general Insurrection of the *Irish* spread it self
 “ like a Deluge over the whole Country in such an in-
 “ human merciless manner, that forty or fifty thou-
 “ sand *English* Protestants were massacred without di-
 “ stinction of Age, Sex, or Quality, before they sus-
 “ pected any Danger, or could provide for their De-
 “ fence in Towns or elsewhere. In Sum; the Cruel-
 “ ties and Barbarities were innumerable and incredi-
 “ ble, such as might melt down the most obdurate
 “ Hearts in the World, &c.

Vide Echard's History.

What Plea have the Unmerciful for Mercy? Or what Stop can be put to Cruelty on one side, without suitable Retaliations from the other? There are Cases in which Severity becomes necessary Justice; if in any Case allowable, sure in so flagrant a one as this. Not that every particular Story is to be believed: Innumerable Inventions of *English* and *Irish* Barbarities were

were published on both sides, too outrageous for implicit Faith. The extravagant Exaggerations of Parties exasperated against one another, especially where Religion is concerned, are not to be literally credited. It is observable that the Chancellor draws all his Quotations from the *Irish Legend*: It is on that side of the Question in this particular Case he endeavours to excite all the Compassion. He forgets that too much Lenity and Forbearance of those perfidious People was imputed to his Master, however unjustly, as one of the most clamorous Pretences against him. He represents Sir *Richard's* Severity to them as a Preparative to ingratiate himself with the Parliament, and by consequence offensive to the King, and at last brings his Fidelity in question for opposing that fatal Cessation with the Rebels, as much exclaimed against by the King's Friends at *Oxford*, as by his Enemies at *Westminster*.

Having prepared, as he thinks, and sufficiently prejudiced his Reader with terrible Ideas of Sir *Richard's* personal Character and Conduct in *Ireland*, he brings him back to act the same Part in the Civil Wars in *England*: Always the same bloody-minded Colonel in every Scene of Life.

There is an artful way of telling a Story which shall make the most innocent Action appear criminal.

For Example : If I should say, such a one had killed such a Man ---- saying no more, it passes for Murder ; but if I add ---- In his own Defence ---- it becomes a different Story. It is thus the noble Historian, and his Echo Mr. Archdeacon *Echard* deal with Sir *Richard*, charging him with Facts, which by concealing the Motive cannot but affect the Reader with Prejudice : But the Reason told, those very Facts will be found just and unavoidable, and what any other Man must have done in the same Case.

“ A Message, (says the Chancellor) pass’d between
 “ Sir *Richard* and the Lord *Roberts*, the two opposite
 “ Generals for the King and the Parliament, which
 “ kindled such furious Resentments between them,
 “ that all who fell after into their Hands on both sides
 “ were put to Death by the Sword, or which was
 “ worse, by the Halter.”

If the Chancellor had been so good as to have explained the Nature and Occasion of that Message, with all its Circumstances, Sir *Richard* would have been fully acquitted of the Consequences. The Fact was as follows.

Sir *Richard* commanded at that time the Blockade at *Plymouth*. The Lord *Roberts* was Governor, a Man, says the Historian, of a sour, surly Nature, &c. It happen’d in some Skirmish, where Prisoners were
 taken

taken on both sides, a young Gentleman about sixteen Years of Age, near Kinsman to Sir *Richard*, and of his own Name, fell into the Enemies Hands. Sir *Richard* by a civil Message reclaim'd him, as his Kinsman, offering any Terms by Ransom or Exchange : The Governor order'd him in the Instant to be hang'd up at the Gates of the Town, in sight of the Messenger, without other Reply.

After an Execution so cruel, so inhuman, and of so exasperating a Nature, what could follow but the utmost Returns of Vengeance ?

These are Cases not to be found in *Coke* upon *Littleton* ; the Appeal must be to Military Judges.

The next is an odd Transition enough from Hanging to Matrimony. Every Corner of private, as well as of publick Life, must be ranfack'd for a Character : This terrible Man must be exposed in all Lights.

His Friend the Duke of *Buckingham* finds him a Wife : as fatal a Present as *Pandora's* Box : A buxom Widow, rich in Lands and Moveables, but clog'd with a Law-Suit, and a Rebel in her Heart : Haughty and imperious, says the Chancellor ; and to compleat her Character, She had more Wit than her Husband. A sad thing indeed ! but many an honest Man's Case. A proud, termagant Widow ! and a Law-Suit ! was the poor Man not to be pitied ?

But what Consequence now can be drawn from all this, except it be, That the wisest Man may be mistaken in the Choice of his own Happiness, and outwitted by a Woman. No Reflection to his Parts.

How could the noble Historian forsake his Dignity and Gravity, to condescend to such humble Remarks? Can there be any thing more cruel and ungenerous than to expose to publick View the little domestick Jarrings which but too often happen in Families, and to convey to Futurity the Memory of private Misfortunes, which a good-natur'd Man would rather ohoose to cover with Silence, than proclaim? Could there be a stronger Indication of some private Resentment and personal Grudge?

But to proceed.

This unhappy Marriage had a Law-Suit attending it. I must set the Chancellor right in the Case: It is plain he was either misinformed, or retained on the other Side.

Sir *Richard*, in right of his Wife, had a considerable Demand upon the Earl of *Suffolk*, she having been the Widow of the said Earl's younger Brother. Sir *Richard* sues for his Money, and obtains a Decree in *Chancery* for Payment of the Debt. The Earl stands out all Process of Law, in contempt of the *Chancery*, for which a Commission of Rebellion is issued

fued against him : And now, nothing but Recourse to Power and irresistible Authority could prevent Justice.

The Earl feigns a Plot, has him accused of Designs against the State, and he is cited to appear at an appointed Day to answer to what shall be alledged against him in Council. He was then at his Country-Seat, two hundred Miles distant from the Town, and is rudely brought up a Prisoner in the Custody of a Messenger, to answer his Charge. After a long expensive Attendance, nothing appears, nor is alledged ; only in the Interim of his Confinement, Overtures are made to come to some Composition, which he utterly refusing, is dismiss'd for the present, and returns back into the Country. This extraordinary Proceeding, it seems, was meant only in *terrorem*, to bring him to Terms.

He had not been long at his House before this Persecution is renew'd in another manner : A second Messenger comes down more powerfully arm'd, with a Warrant of the Court of High-Commission, to take his Wife from him, and bring her up in Custody to Town, where she is deliver'd to the care of her Brother-in-law, the Earl of *Suffolk*, with him to remain.

It is very possible upon such strong Provocations *Sir Richard* might fly out to use some Expressions offen-

five to the Earl: a Man of a more humble Temper could hardly have forborn. Be that as it will --- the Pretence is taken: He is cited to the *Star-Chamber*, and condemn'd to a Fine of no less than eight thousand Pounds, one half to the Earl, the other to the King, upon the bare Oath and single Testimony of one of the Earl's own Servants, that he had heard Sir *Richard* say his Master was a base Lord, tho' four Persons present at their Discourse, depose the contrary.

Here the Chancellor is so good as to allow that in the Opinion of the World this was thought a hard Case, tho' in his touching upon it, he not only conceals all the several Gradations of Hardship that attended it, but affirms, point-blank, contrary to Fact, That the Decree in *Chancery* was against Sir *Richard* instead of being for him; and to soften the Sentence makes the Fine less than it was by two thousand Pounds.

This the Chancellor calls making War upon his Wife.

This extraordinary Sentence, as cruel and as arbitrary as it seems to be, was not without Example: There was a Precedent leading to it, which was the Case of Sir *George Markham*. For Curiosity's sake I will give a brief Account of it.

Sir *George Markham*, a Gentleman of Fortune and Family

Family in the Country of *Lincoln*, following a Chase where the Lord *Darcy's* Huntsman was exercising his Hounds, kept closer to the Dogs than the Huntsman would allow, who besides other Rudeness, gave him foul Language, which the Knight returned with a Stroke of his Whip. The Fellow threatens to complain to his Master; Sir *George* replies, If his Master would justify such Insolence, he would serve him in the same manner, or Words to that Effect. The Groom makes his Complaint. The Knight is cited to the *Star-Chamber*, and fined ten thousand Pounds. All the great Men of the Robe of those Times, the two *Montagu's*, *Bacon*, *Egerton*, *Yelverton*, &c. gave their Opinions *seriatim*: The Stress of the great Lord *Bacon's* Argument ran thus:

“ That tho’ the Words spoken by Sir *George* to the
 “ Groom were not directly a Challenge to his Lord,
 “ they imported a Challenge to a Challenge from
 “ him, which was the same thing as a Challenge to
 “ him.”

And thus with this miserable Clinch those great Men agreed without Hesitation, or so much as one dissenting Opinion, to make their Court to Lordship. --- So fine a thing it was in those Days to be a Lord.

But to return to Sir *Richard*.

This exorbitant Sentence was put in execution with

the utmost Rigour : He was committed close Prisoner to the *Fleet*, and there remain'd for the Space of sixteen Months without being able to find by all the Endeavours he could use, either Justice, Redress, or Mitigation : On the contrary, being thus imprison'd and disabled, the Opportunity was taken by some secret Practices in the *Court of Wards*, to convey his Wife's Estate so effectually out of his Power, that the very Children he had by her were disinherited. He was survived by one only Daughter, unquestionably Heiress to her Mother's Estate, whom I remember myself subsisting upon Charity, which to be sure was not the Mother's Design : But whether ignorantly or knowingly, the Fact is so, it was all signed away as much from the Children as the Father. Under this heavy Oppression, without hope of Relief, and resolved not to submit to his Fine, he found means to make his Escape, pass'd into *Sweden*, and engaged himself in that War, till the Troubles broke out in *Scotland*, and then, notwithstanding all the Provocations he had receiv'd, and the Oppressions he had endur'd, he return'd to lay his Life and Fortune at the King's Feet, whom he joined in a most remarkable manner at the Head of a Troop composed of most of the principal Gentlemen of *Cornwall* and *Devon*, every one with an Equipage suitable to his Quality.

This

This *Northern* Storm blowing over for the present ; then came the Call into *Ireland*, where the Chancellor has so liberally reflected upon the Severity of his Conduct to the *Irish* : but as this is a Matter already cleared, there needs no more to be said of it. In this Service he continued, as has been said, till the Cessation ; and then return'd with his Kinsman, Colonel *Monk*, whom in most of his Expeditions he had made his constant Companion in Arms, to offer mutually their Service where the King was more immediately distress'd in his own Person.

There had been unfortunately in *Ireland* different Opinions in what manner to deal with the Rebels : Some were for pursuing all Advantages against them in the Field ; others for gaining them by Treaties and Accommodations.

My Lord of *Leicester* was said to encourage the first, my Lord of *Ormond* the latter. Sir *Richard*, and Colonel *Monk* were devoted to the Earl of *Leicester* : *Monk* had the honour of some Relation to him, and both had served under his Command in the *Low-Countries*.

There had been a long Misunderstanding betwixt my Lord of *Leicester* Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*, and my Lord of *Ormond* Commander in Chief in his Absence : As my Lord of *Ormond* had the Favour of

the Court, whoever inclin'd to the other was render'd suspected. Thus, and for having freely declared against the Cessation, which was made a Pretence of Discontent, private Advice was sent to the King to have them both put under Arrest at their Landing, as dangerous Men, whose Design it was to engage with the Parliament. The Advice was inconsiderately taken: Upon their immediate Arrival at *Bristol*, the Lord *Hawley* the Governor produced his Order, signed by the King, which he executed indeed very unwillingly, being a Friend and Kinsman to them both, and not doubting their Innocence: In a Word, they so perfectly satisfied him, that he took their Parole of Honour to repair to his Majesty then at *Oxford*; which they both perform'd, tho' by different Routs and Methods.

Monk made the best of his way, threw himself at the King's Feet, and so fully convinced him of the Wrong which had been done him, that he was immediately restored to a Regiment, his Enemies having been so quick in their Measures, that his own had been disposed of before he could have this Opportunity to clear himself. He was then order'd to the Service at *Nantwich*, where his Majesty's Troops being unfortunately surpris'd, it was his Fate to be taken Prisoner, and to remain under close Confinement in the
Tower

Tower till the King was irredeemably lost, and the Power fully settled in *Cromwell*.

Sir *Richard* kept his Word, but in another way. Great Arrears being due to him for his Service in *Ireland*, for which the Parliament who had taken the Management of that War out of the King's Hands into their own, was reponsible. Under that Pretence he repair'd to *London*, and boldly made his Demand. He was graciously receiv'd, and no Temptation omitted that might engage him in their Service: His Reputation as an Officer, and the Credit of his Name and Family in the *West*, made it worth their while. He took the Hint, and dexterously flatter'd their Hopes till he had obtain'd all he could desire to enable him to execute his secret Design. His Arrears were paid, they gave him a Commission of Major-General of their Horse, and a Regiment, with Power to name his own Officers, whom he failed not to choose out of the most trusty of his Friends and Dependants.

Thus provided, he is appointed to the Siege of *Basing*, and by good Luck let into a most unnatural Design of betraying the Place to the Parliament upon the first Approach of their Troops. He had appointed the Rendezvous of his Horse at *Bagshot*, where being met, he declared to them his abhorrence of the Rebels, and his Resolution of joining the King, to which he

he invited them to follow him : Having as was mention'd before, secured the Nomination of his Officers, they all chearfully assented, and presented themselves in a body to the King still at *Oxford*.

Thus he not only brought a strong Reinforcement to his Majesty but prevented the intended Treachery of one Brother to another in the Design of betraying *Basing*, and fully acquitted himself of his Parole to the Governor of *Bristol*.

I have been the more circumstantial in the foregoing Narrative, from Sir *Richard's* leaving *Ireland*, to his joining the King, the noble Historian having thought fit to omit all those Particulars, which might set it in a clear or a fair Light. I will not pretend wholly to justify this last Action, not being a Friend to any thing that looks like Deceit : All that can be said for it is, that it was putting the old Soldier upon a Pack of Knaves, and biting the Biter. He paid dearly for it ; a Price was set upon his Head, he was hanged in Effigy, and his only Son unluckily falling afterwards into their Hands, was hanged in Reality. After this no Quarter could be either expected, or given. It were endless to examine all the particular disjointed Reflections cast up and down in so many different distant Pages and Paragraphs so faithfully copied by Mr. Archdeacon. I shall content my self then to
gather

gather all those scatter'd Flowers which remain unpick'd, into one little Nosegay, that the Reader may have at one view this tremendous Charge without any Distraction or Bias to his Judgment.

In mentioning his Wife's House or Estate, (for being a younger Brother, it is presum'd he had none of his own) he arrogantly uses these Words, *My Own*; a plain Proof of a vain insolent Nature.

A Spy is discover'd disguis'd in his Quarters: he commanded him to be hang'd: From whence may be concluded his Disrespect to the Professors of the Law, the Fellow being a Country-Attorney; an honest Man to be sure by his Profession.

He himself surprizes some Troopers in the very Act of pillaging and plundering the Country, and orders them upon the Spot to be hang'd; nay, he makes them hang one another.

How could Rogues be better employ'd? But this is contrary to Law, and shews a barbarous arbitrary implacable Spirit.

It might indeed be said -- *Inter arma silent leges* --- Frequent Provocations happen in War, which, to prevent greater Evils, require exemplary and immediate Punishments. This might have been one of those Cases. Such a peremptory Example might have been necessary at that Time, where the License of the Soldier had

had been so long overlook'd, to deliver the Country from future Fears and Apprehensions upon his undertaking the Command, and to warn the Troops, once for all, by a bold resolute Example, in what manner he was resolved to be obey'd, by cutting off all hope of Impunity for any future Thefts and Depredations. An Army without Discipline is the most dangerous Band of all Robbers. In the Life of a *Greek* or a *Roman* such an Action might have been commended. A *Cesar* or an *Alexander* might quell a Mutiny by killing the Ring-leader with his own Hand upon the Spot, without any formal Prosecution ; but Christian Captains are not to follow Heathenish Examples. This was certainly a manifest Breach of the Law, and a contemptuous overlooking all Form of Legal Process. No body can dispute it.

He likewise, nothaving the Fear of God before his Eyes, built him a Riding-House with certain Planks which might have been better employ'd in other Uses.

From whence it is notorious how much he prefer'd his private Pleasure to the publick Utility.

He made himself master, *vi et armis*, of all the Delinquents Estates within the District of his Command, without employing so much as one Lawyer.

These Delinquents were Persons in actual Rebellion against the King : Why then not call them Rebels?

Why

Why a hard Word unintelligible to a vulgar Reader, which he may take for a Friend as well as a Foe, and more naturally too; for where was the Crime of making the same use of the Rebels Estates, towards defraying the Charges of the War, as the Rebels did of the Royalists?

O! but so many good Opportunities, and not one Law-suit! nor one Fee to a poor Lawyer! All military Execution! What a horrible Man, never to give Quarter where he found none!

Upon these and such-like Instances, Mr. Archdeacon boldly takes it upon himself, as of his own certain Knowledge, upon the single Testimony of a prejudic'd Author, as will be plainly made to appear, to pronounce dog-matically, *in verbo Sacerdotis*, without any Ceremony or Modification, a gallant Man, consummate in military Knowledge, untainted in his Loyalty, illustrious by his Birth and numerous Alliances, to have been the greatest Tyrant, the greatest Oppressor, the greatest Plunderer, and the greatest Murtherer that ever was felt wherever his Authority extended.

If Sir *Richard*, under such Provocations as have been before recited, had acquiesced tamely without any military Retaliation, no Jury of Officers upon Earth but would have found him unworthy the Name
of

of a General. When an Officer has to do with an Enemy who scruples at no Violence, who pillages and plunders, and hangs, and draws, and quarters, without Quarter, what has he to do but to deal with him in his own Way? If Violence is practis'd on one side, and Lenity allowed on the other, the Multitude will desert where they are surest of Safety.

If to defend the loyal Inhabitants of the Country where he commanded, from the Invasions of the Rebels on one part, and the Depredations of the Soldier on the other, was Oppression, Sir *Richard* was their Oppressor: But if to defend one's Friends from one's Foes, is Protection, he was then their Protector.

Mr. Archdeacon owns that he kept his Men from plundering, but then he was himself the greatest Plunderer of the whole War. He has the Chancellor's Word for it. Did he plunder his Friends? No. What then was this Plunder? Contribution raised upon the Estates of the Rebels to defray the Charges of the War: What Obedience or Subordination can be expected from an Army unpaid? When the Chancellor would have retrench'd that Allowance from this part of the Service, he declared he neither would nor could command an Army irregularly paid. What wise Man but would have said the same? Yet this is charged upon him as an insolent Answer. He was

too strict and severe an Observer of military Discipline to give up the only Point which enabled him to preserve it: The Soldier must have his Pay, or be overlooked in the Disorders he commits; one way or other they must and will subsist: By leaving them without excuse for Licentiousness, he always had it in his Power to make Examples, and was indeed inexorable in punishing upon any Transgression which occasion'd Complaint. This Severity which ingratiated him with the Inhabitants whom he protected, tho' it made him more feared, made him not less beloved by the Troops: Nor Officer, nor Soldier who had once served with him, would be content to serve under any body else; a plain Proof that he gave them their Due, otherwise they would themselves have been the first to cry out. If out of these Contributions he had made a Purse for himself, it must have appear'd; he must at least have left something behind him, which it is well known he did not. This may suffice for an Answer to Mr. Archdeacon's *ipse dixit*.

It is now time to open the Scene which brings this impracticable Man and the Chancellor upon the Stage to become Actors together.

The King had been fatally advised to a Method as was pretended for the better Government of his Armies, which was, to appoint a Civil Council to inspect
and

and regulate the Conduct of his Generals, and controll the military Operations.

This Measure had given great Disturbance to the Brethren of the Blade, old Officers, and Men of Experience, who thought very reasonably they were not to be told their Trade by Persons who knew nothing of it. Thus those who advised, and those who were to execute, lived in eternal Contradiction and Variance. The Counsellors, says the Chancellor, being Men of better Understandings and better Expressions than the Officers, commonly disposed his Majesty to their Opinions from concurring with what was proposed by the Officers. The best Speech it seems carried it, as if the Man who had the greatest Command of Words was best intitled to the Command of Troops. This raised an implacable Animosity in the whole Army against the Council: And who can wonder at it? The Lord *Wilmot*, tho' the best beloved and most popular Officer in the Army, and whom the Chancellor confesses, notwithstanding the great Liberties he takes with his Character in all other Respects, to have had more Credit and Authority in the Troops than any other Man, was yet put under Arrest at his Post of Command, upon a Day of Battle, and shamefully sent away a Prisoner to *Exeter*, a Sacrifice to the Secretary and Master of the Rolls, who at that time were
the

the great Over-rulers in all Debates by the Volubility of their Tongues, in which they excell'd. The Lord *Piercy* had the same Fate at the same time, for no other Reason that appears against either of those noble Persons, but that they were beloved by the Army, and hated by the Council.

So many gallant Men in a manner driven from the Service, tho' nothing could make them depart from their Loyalty, are yet reflected upon with the utmost Severity by the Chancellor and the Archdeacon, as Persons excusing Disobedience by false Pretences of Honour.

Let any Man figure to himself in our own Days, a Chancellor or Master of the Rolls appointed to accompany our Generals into the Field, to form Schemes for them, and to direct their Motions, Is it probable we should ever have heard of the March to the *Danube*, the forcing the Lines, the Battles of *Hocksted*, *Ramillies*, and *Malplaquet*, so many Cities surrender'd, so many Provinces subdued, the most formidable Power of *Europe* broken and reduced to supplicate for Peace? And yet the Persons who have filled those Posts in our Times must be acknowledg'd inferior to none of their Predecessors in the way of their Profession.

This

This unnatural Mixture of Councils Civil and Military, when it came to be particularly apply'd to every part of the Service, could not but create more and more Distraction : And hence arose that unhappy Division in Mens Minds which set Honour and Loyalty at Variance. Not much unlike what we have seen in our own Times, when by rash and imprudent Measures a like Struggle was rais'd between Loyalty and Conscience : When the Clergy excused their Disobedience by pleading Conscience, would it not be thought a hard Reflection in any future Historian to give to a pious Scruple the Name of a false Conscience ? If when the King sent forth his Proclamation, commanding his Declaration for Liberty of Conscience to be read in all Churches, any right reverend Prelate should thus have address'd his Majesty : “ Whereas, “ Sir, it is become a Custom for the Clergy to excuse their disobedience by Pretences of Conscience, “ for my part, tho' I cannot obey at this time without resolving to give up my Conscience, I am ready to obey by the Sacrifice of my Conscience.” What Opinion must Mr. Archdeacon have conceived of that Man ? *

* This alludes to a Speech of the Lord Hopton, highly extoll'd by the Chancellor and Mr. Archdeacon.

Honour is a Soldier's Conscience: When he perceives himself touched in that Article, which is the nicest part of his Character, can there be a properer Judge than himself? And shall he be branded upon Record to all Futurity with the ignominious Asperision of false Honour, in Cases where he is convinced his Submission is incompatible with his Honour? Why is a Soldier to be more restrained in judging of what touches his Honour, than a Divine in what touches his Conscience?

There are indeed, and I have known many, Bigots, as it were, in Honour, as there are in Religion, punctilious and scrupulous in excess; but sure this is an Error on the right side, rather to be respected than ridicul'd: A Nicety of Honour in the Extreme has a Claim to be tolerated, as well as a Nicety of Conscience.

As long as this Principle of Honour remained intire and unperplexed by false Maxims of Policy, it is well known the Cavaliers bore down all before them.

It was therefore *Cromwell* when he came to the Supreme Command, wisely infused into his People another Principle in opposition to it, which was the Spirit of Enthusiasm. This Fury let loose at the time when these Disorders and Disputes were beginning among

among the Royalists, the Roundheads could not fail of becoming invincible in their Turn.

This Infection was not yet spread into the *West*, where alone every thing continued quiet and hopeful, when the Prince, too young and unexperienc'd to judge for himself, was sent down attended with one of these Councils, of which the Chancellor was President and supreme Director. Sir *Richard Granville* was then at the head of the Troops.

It is to be observ'd, That this very Council it self was divided into Parties : The Earl of *Berkshire*, to whose Care the Prince's Person and Education was intrusted, was kept out of all Secrets, and so were several others, tho' Members of the same Council.

The Chancellor and his immediate Creatures govern'd the whole.

It would be strange to imagine that the King, than whom there could not be a nicer Judge, should commit so high and so important a Trust as the Care of his Son, Heir to his Crown, to any Person unqualify'd for it, at so critical a Juncture : It was enough that his Majesty had made the Choice, to be convinced of that noble Lord's Merit ; but it was his Misfortune to be out of the Chancellor's Favour, as were almost all who had the Honour to be appointed near his Highness's Person.

These

These Divisions and Sub-divisions in the Family and Council, could promise nothing but Confusion in every part of the Administration, Civil or Military. The General soon found the Effects of it. They began with an Offer to retrench his Allowance for the Pay of his Troops, upon pretence of Oeconomy, that out of those Contributions there might be spared wherewithal to answer other Services : To this he made a peremptory Reply, That he neither could nor would command an Army unpaid : This Answer was resented, but they durst not proceed to any Alteration ; the whole Army was as much concerned in it as the General.

He proposed no Scheme of any kind for carrying on the Service but what was contradicted or rejected in the most contemptuous manner : This Man who had been bred under Prince *Maurice*, the greatest Captain of the Age ; this Man whose Experience and Activity was thought most necessary where Action was to be ; this Man so beloved by the Veteran Regiments (the best Judges of their Officers) that they cared to follow no body else, as the Historian had told us before. This brave, this active, this experienc'd Officer, could now, all on the sudden, offer nothing but wild Notions and stark Madness.

Among

Among those several Plans which the General proposed by Word of Mouth, or in Writing, the Noble Historian condescends to be particular but in one, which he is pleased to ridicule as the most extravagant and impracticable Thought that ever enter'd into any Man's Head : And this he mentions singly as a Specimen to judge of the rest.

He proposed, says the Chancellor, to cut a deep Trench from *Barnstaple* to the *South-Sea*, for the Space of near Forty Miles ; by which he undertook to defend all *Cornwall*, and so much of *Devon* against the World. The Man's Brain must certainly be turn'd ! Mr. Archdeacon thinks so too.

Is there any thing new or strange in defending a Country by Entrenchments ? Is not the Practice as old as *Julius Cæsar*, and mentioned by himself in his Commentaries of the War with the ancient *Gauls* ? Was it not thus that the modern *Gauls* in our own Times defended the *French Flanders* ?

The forcing those Lines will stand for ever upon Record among the first of the late Duke of *Marlborough's* military Glories,

What was there then so ridiculous, so mad, or so extravagant in this Proposal as to be thus singly pick'd out to be quoted as a Proof of the Man's being out of his Wits ? It were to be wish'd we had been told the
rest

rest of this General's Schemes; perhaps among military Judges they would not have been thought so wild and impracticable as they might appear to persons of another Calling, tho' never so able and learned in their respective Professions.

These Disorders daily increasing, Sir *Richard* at last fairly and honestly represents in a Letter to the Prince, the Impossibility of doing any thing with an Army so distracted by different and contradictory Orders: and recommends a more absolute Command to be given to some Person whom all would obey, and names the Lord *Hopton*, who had formerly commanded with great Glory and Success: He excepts against himself upon the Account of that Severity and Discipline in which he always kept his own Men, which might make him disagreeable to that part of the Army, which had been accustomed to such Licence as he never could overlook, &c.

This Advice was readily taken, and he received Thanks for it; but it was pursued in such a manner as gave a finishing Stroke to all Hope, where alone any Hope was left.

The Lord *Hopton* was immediately declared General, and Sir *Richard*, without advising with him how far it might be agreeable to his Intentions, or hearing what in all probability he might have to offer in

relation to himself, was at the same time declared one of the Lieutenant-Generals under him.

It could not be reasonably imagin'd that by proposing to quit the chief Command, his Design could be to obey in an inferior Post in the same Army. But, says, the Chancellor, this Command was superior to what he had before. Strange Logick, that Part should be more than the Whole! the Lieutenant greater than the Captain! But it was plain he had some underhand Drift. Well, what was that Drift? Why, to stay behind and provide for the Security of *Cornwall*: Was *Cornwall* not worth preserving? O but there was a discontented Party there, and he would have put himself at the Head of it. Stranger and stranger still! A discontented Party, where all were known to be profess'd Royalists! There was indeed a strong Party discontented with the Measures of the Council; but let no Man flatter himself, be his Power never so great, that it can ever be a Doctrine receiv'd among *Englishmen*, That to be dissatisfy'd with the Minister implies Disaffection to the Prince. In short, the Chancellor's real Apprehension appears to have been, That if once he had quitted *Cornwall*, and Sir *Richard* had remain'd behind, he would have shut the Door against his Return: This was a personal Fear, and therefore Sir *Richard* was to be pin'd down to this
peremp-

peremptory Command or nothing. He was not to be trusted out of sight.

Here it is that the Lord *Hepton* is so highly magnify'd for a Speech he is said to have made upon accepting this Command --- That whereas it was become a Custom for others to excuse their Disobedience by Pretences of Honour ; for his part, tho' he could not obey at this time without resolving to lose his Honour, he was ready to obey with the Loss of his Honour.

This Speech was surely meant rather as a Reproach to every body else, than an Encomium upon this gallant Lord, and seems to be a meer Historical Flourish. If he had been commanded, like Sir *Richard*, to descend from the chief Post, to obey in an inferior one, Submission in that Case might very properly have been call'd Obedience with loss of Honour.--But on the contrary, he was appointed to the supreme Command, which sure was an Honour : If any Hazard appear'd in the Execution, the more difficult the Task, the greater the Glory. By military Skill, under extreme Disadvantages, as much Honour is to be gain'd as in compleat Victories. No General sure ever excused accepting a Command upon pretence of Danger in the Execution. In what then consisted this indubitable Loss of Honour for which the noble and the reverend Historian so highly extol this implicit Obedience ?

Neither was there at that Time any Occasion for such a Speech, the Case was far from being desperate: It was soon made so indeed by the Violence used to Sir *Richard*.

In short, Sir *Richard* persisting to excuse himself from being thus commanded, is put under Arrest, as the Lord *Wilmot* had been the Year before, and committed with all the publick Marks of Indignation and Disgrace that could possibly be imagin'd, a close Prisoner in the common County Goal at *Launceston*, among Pick-pockets and Highwaymen, and in that Condition remain'd till the Fate of the *West* was totally decided.

I must not forget one Circumstance when he was thus ignominiously put under Arrest.

Colonel *Roscarrock*, an Officer of Distinction, rode hastily up to him, and whisper'd him not to submit to so unjust a Sentence: He was sure of the Resentment of the Troops, they would stand by him and follow wherever he would lead. He severely reprov'd him, enjoining a strict Obedience to the Commands of the Prince, to which, whatever might be his Fate, he was resolved to submit in every thing that was consistent with his Honour: And in this he required all who had any Regard for him, to follow his Example.

This

This Particular I had from *Roscarrock's* own Mouth, who lived to have a Government conferr'd upon him in *Ireland* after the Restoration, and did not die till towards, or after the Revolution.

I think this Speech was full as good as that ascrib'd to the Lord *Hopton*, and as far from any Spirit of Disobedience: He not only obey'd with entire Resignation, but sacrificed at the same time the two strongest Passions of human Nature, Self-preservation and Revenge.

It was necessary for the Chancellor to find some publick justifiable Reason for so extraordinary a Step: A *Si quis* therefore or Proclamation was published inviting and encouraging all manner of Persons to appear and give Evidence of their Grievances during this arbitrary General's Command. If there had been any in reality, well-grounded or supportable, it is natural to believe Complainants would not have been wanting against a Man so disgraced, that to accuse him was making their Court: Now or never was the time for all the Murder and Plunder to come out: But to the Chancellor's infinite Surprize, not one Mortal appear'd.

On the contrary, the whole Country took Offence; the very Persons, who were said to have clamour'd so much against him, appear'd to clamour as much for

him : the Soldiers murmured ; the Officers of the Army went tumultuously in a body to demand his Release ; all the Members of the Council it self, except the Chancellor's particular Adherents, disowned the Advice, and almost all the Prince's own Household-Servants, as the Chancellor styles them, openly declared their Dislike.

This Disappointment was too sensible for the Chancellor to contain himself in the Account he gives of it : They were more tender of Sir *Richard*, says he, than of their Duty to their Master. A cruel and unnatural Reflection upon so many Persons of Honour, who had devoted their Lives and Fortunes to the King, and could have no other Interest but their Master's ! Such general Exclamations from every Quarter could be founded upon no other Motive but a Foresight of the evil Consequences of so unjust and violent a Proceeding : Neither could there be a greater Proof of the Innocence and Merit of the Person thus ill treated : nor a fuller Answer to all that the Chancellor has mustered up to alledge against him, than so publick, so voluntary, and so unanimous an Appearance in his Defence.

This is confess'd by the Chancellor : But then he cries out --- *Who would have thought it ?* For observe--

As the Prince pass'd through *Badmyn*, several honest

next Mens Wives presented him Petitions; particularly there was one from Mr. Mayor of *Leostwithiel's* Wife, complaining that Sir *Richard* had wrongfully imprisoned her Husband, upon a dispute about the Royalty of the Fishery in the River of *Leostwithiel*.

This Cause I believe may not be determin'd to this Day. I remember not many Years ago, a worshipful Mayor of the same Town in a Scrape with the Officers of his Majesty's Customs, about the same thing, and I had no small Trouble to get him off.

In the next place comes Mr. Mayor of *St. Ives'* Son, complaining that his Father was imprisoned for concealing a Man concerned in a Mutiny, and he was certified for to be an honest Man by one Mr. *Robinson*.

Again, as the Prince pass'd thro' *Tavestock*, there was another Appearance of many more honest Mens Wives on behalf of their Husbands, about the Right of grinding at a Mill.

Such, and such only, are the Chancellor's own Allegations upon which he grounds the Discontent of the Country to justify a Resolution which cost the King all that remained to him of his Dominions. Was ever General, upon whose Activity and Experience so much was said to have depended, and whose Interest and Credit was such that the *Cornish* Men and

the old Regiments declared openly they would follow no body else, and were not to be got together but upon previous Assurance of being only commanded by him; was ever an Officer of that Dignity and Reputation sacrific'd either before or since, upon the meer Clamours of a parcel of old Women? And when the Consequences appear'd afterwards so fatal, and when those very Complainants themselves, such as they were, recanted, shall it pass for a Justification to say -- *Who would have thought it?*

Thus it was that this fatal Council gave the finishing Stroke to the War, where alone any Footing was left: The Service every where languished, the Soldiers gradually deserted, and the Lord *Hopton*, tho' a braver nor a better Man could not be, was compell'd after some faint Resistances, to disband and accept of such Conditions as the Enemy would give.

Thus by an unaccountable Interposition of mixt Councils of Swordmen and Gownmen, by unavoidable Disputes and Contradictions of Persons of such different Professions, incompatible in their Opinions and Decisions, that victorious Body of *Western* Men which had fought so many Battles, obtain'd so many Victories, invincible in the whole course of the War, flushed with Success in all Encounters, and still in condition not only to have stood their ground, but to have

have attempted greater things, was by one rash Measure, the Effect of private Prejudice, at once broken, scatter'd, dispersed, and totally defeated.

Thus that brave and ever faithful County of *Cornwall*, which had furnished so many Heroes to the Royal Cause, where Loyalty has appeared in all Ages so firmly planted that it seems as impossible to be rooted out as the Wealth of their Mines to be exhausted; this last and only Spot remaining to the King, was forced to submit, like the rest of his Dominions, to the Tyranny and Oppression of those whom they had so often vanquished in Battle.

Nothing better is to be expected from divided Councils.

What then was left for the Chancellor to do, but to shift the Blame any where from himself? What could be more natural? Not only *Sir Richard*, but every Officer of the Army, nay, the Soldiers themselves, the very private Men, all who differ'd from him in the Council, or in the Prince's Family, not one escapes the Stroke of his Pen: In this Part of the History therefore (for I meddle with no other) he is rather to be supposed an Advocate for his own Conduct, than an impartial Relator of the Actions of others.

The Prince and his Council being now reduced to save themselves where they could, were so gracious as to leave Orders behind them to open the Prisons for Sir *Richard* and Duke *Hamilton*, who had long suffer'd under the same unaccountable Severity, to prevent their falling into the Hands of the Parliament ; and with this Act of Grace they departed, every one shifting for himself.

The King was now beheaded, and the Royal Family in Banishment, when we hear again of Sir *Richard* and the Chancellor. For the Quarrel was not yet ended.

In the Year 1650, Sir *Richard* thus writes to the Duke of *York* then in Distress in the Isle of *Jersey*.

Sir Richard Granville's Letter to his Highness the Duke of York, at Jersey. From St. Malo's, 1650.

May it please your Royal Highness,

“ **H**EARING your Highness is under some Straits
 “ at *Jersey*, since his Majesty left you there, I
 “ have presumed out of my great Zeal for your High-
 “ ness's Service, by the Assistance of an honest loyal
 “ Merchant here in *St. Malo's*, Mr. *John Richards*,
 “ to make your Highness a Present of Six Hundred
 “ Pounds,

“ Pounds, which I humbly present by the Bearer
“ Major *Madren*, a *Cornish* Gentleman, who was
“ Major to my Regiment when I had the Honour
“ to be his Majesty's General in the *West*.

“ He will farther acquaint your Highness, that I
“ have likewise out of my small Stock sent a Relief
“ of Clothes for the Soldiers, and Provisions to Colonel
“ *Hodge Burges* at *Guernsey* Castle, which will enable him to defend that Place the longer against the
“ Rebels in the Island.

“ These voluntary Services I hope will preserve me
“ in your Highness's good Opinion, *Notwithstanding*
“ *I have so powerful an Enemy as Sir Edward Hyde*
“ *to mis-represent my Actions and Loyalty to the King,*
“ *to whose Service, and to your Royal Highness's I shall*
“ *be always devoted with great Sincerity.*

“ Presuming therefore upon my Duty to your
“ Highness, I must beseech you to admit me to make
“ an humble Petition on behalf of a Nephew my God-
“ son, now with me, second Son to my Brother Sir
“ *Bevil Granville*, who was slain at *Lansdowne*,
“ That your Highness would be pleased to receive
“ him into your Family and Service, near your Per-
“ son : His Education has been since he left his Bro-
“ ther in *Scilly* at an Academy in *Angers* ; and I find
“ his Inclinations lead him to venture his Life and

“ run

“ run his Fortune in the immediate Service of your
 “ Highness. Wherefore I will be answerable for him,
 “ and support him, if your Highness will please to ac-
 “ cept of his Service, beseeching your Highness to be-
 “ lieve me with the utmost Submission and Duty,

May it please your Royal Highness,

Your Royal Highness's most obedient,

and most dutiful Servant,

RICHARD GRANVILLE.

The DUKE's Answer from Jersey, 1650.

Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE,

“ I HAVE received from the Hands of Major Ma-
 “ dren the Six Hundred Pounds you have most fea-
 “ sonably supply'd me with in this Place, the Want
 “ of Money having detain'd me here ever since the
 “ King went to *Breda*; but now, with this Help, I
 “ will suddenly remove, and wheresoever I am, re-
 “ tain

“tain a Memory of this your particular Service to
“my self.

“What you have desired of me concerning your
“Nephew, now with you, when I am in a condi-
“tion to increase my Family, I will take into my
“Service upon your Recommendation; but for the
“present, my Condition will allow me no more near
“my Person but *Harry Fermyn* and *Charles Bercley*.
“When I leave this Place you shall know where to
“address to

Your affectionate Friend,

J. A. M. E. S.

Here you have a direct Charge under Sir *Richard's* own Hand against the Chancellor, as being his profess'd Enemy, and a Misrepresenter of his Actions; And at the same time a noble and a generous Proof how little he deserved it.

What greater Demonstration can be given of Personal Difference and Unkindness?

Though this might suffice, there remains yet farther Evidence to offer under his own Hand.

Sir

**Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE'S De-
fence against all Aspersions of ma-
lignant Persons.**

Printed and publish'd in *Holland*, January 28, 1654.

THE Persons of the World being so innumerable and diverse in their Dispositions, no Man's Life has been free from Aspersions, tho' not merited.

In consideration whereof, and that I am engaged to vindicate my Honour against some Persons Aims to asperse it unjustly, I shall adventure to manifest briefly the Progress of my Life, which has been subject to various Chances of War.

I have undergone an over-great Burthen of Pressures and Injuries in my Time; as namely, by the Power and Greatness of certain Persons; as also by sinister Practices of others; and now of late, the severe Reward received for my Loyalty.

My former Life spent has been as a Soldier, as were all my Ancestors since the Conquest of *England*, 1066.

ever

ever constantly for Services of the Crown of England.

In the Year 1618, I first departed from England, and arrived in France; thence for Holland; afterwards engaged in the Palatinate War in Germany, where I did partake in divers Services; as also in the Netherlands.

In 1625, I had, by Commission, Command of a Foot-Company in the Expedition for his Majesty unto *Cales Males*.

In 1627, I had the like Command for the Isle of Rhee, where fell to me by the successive Chance of War, the Command of a Regiment of Foot.

In the Year 1628, I married the Sister-in-law of the Earl of Suffolk, in whose Right I obtained against the Earl a Decree in the Court of Chancery for his Payment of a great Sum of Money: He stood out all Process of Law, in contempt to that Decree, whereupon a Commission of Rebellion was issued forth against him.

Then he finding that his divers Practices by reason of Greatness could not free him from the Law, he got Advice and Assistance to procure great Troubles unto me, as an Enemy, namely, by Authority to command me to come from my House two hundred Miles from

from *London*, with a Pourfuiwant, to appear and attend the Council-Board.

After many Months diligent Attendance, nothing was charged against me: But in the mean time some Persons were employed to urge me to accept of one thousand Pounds from the said Earl, and to acquit him of many thousands which he stood engaged to pay me.

That not prevailing, then was his Man *Francis Taylor* sent as a Pourfuiwant to my House in *Devon*, with a Warrant of the Court of *High-Commission*, to bring my Wife unto *London* as his Prisoner, upon the Opportunity of a Difference betwixt her and my self; and after her Arrival in *London* the said Earl procured her to come and live with him in his own House, as she did for a long time.

Then the Earl commenced a Proceſs of Law against me in the *Star-Chamber*; upon which there paſſ'd a Sentence against me of eight thousand Pounds, his said Man, *Francis Taylor*, having sworn that I had said the Earl of *Suffolk* was a base Lord, notwithstanding the contrary was proved by four Men present at the Time when those Words were pretended to be spoken: Nevertheless his Friends in that Court would not suffer any Deposition to be taken against the Earl, because alledged to be recriminal.

By

By the same Sentence was I detain'd Prisoner in the Fleet above sixteen Months time, during which, I labour'd by all means deviseable, but in vain, to obtain Justice only. Besides, to add thereunto, in a Vacation, out of Term, beyond Precedent, it was contrived with *Pye*, Attorney of the *Court of Wards*, that my Wife's Estate was wholly order'd away out of my Power by Authority of a Lease made unto the Earls of *Pembroke* and *Dorset*, to the King's Use for eight Years, on pretence that she was then a Ward to the King, as not having sued forth her Livery. Which being done, nothing was found prevalent to revoke or remedy that Act.

And then, more to disable their Enemy, by many Proccesses at Law was I compell'd to pay many great Debts of my Wife's which were owing by her before ever I saw her, and notwithstanding I could not receive one Penny of her Estate for any Occasion whatsoever.

* By means of which Injustices and Pressures was I necessitated to sell away mine own Estate, and to impawn my Goods, which by it were quite lost.

* It seems then he had an Estate of his own, besides his Wife's, which went to pay her Debts, &c. This the Chancellor calls making War upon his Wife.

Thus

Thus finding neither Justice nor Law in *England* for me, but on the contrary, that all pass'd for Justice against me, on the 17th of *October*, 1633, I gave my self Liberty, and convey'd my self from *England* into the *Swede's* Service in *Germany*.

In 1639, understanding of the *Scots* Preparations for War against the King, caused me to return as I did, and offer my Service to the King, which he graciously accepted.

In *January* 1642, I was employed to levy some Horse Troops in *England* for his Majesty's Service, and to transport and command them into *Ireland*, towards suppressing some Insurrections there. And this was performed with good Success against the *Irish*, until Letters importuned me to come for *England* for his Majesty's Service there against his Enemies *, which accordingly I engaged my self in, and prevail'd fortunately, till hindred by some of the Prince's Council †.

Upon the 17th of *January*, 1646, at *Launceston*

* *The Chancellor says he left Ireland upon a Scruple of Conscience not to serve after the Cessation, to ingratiate himself with the Parliament: If this is not misrepresenting, what is?*

† *The Chancellor and his Adherents: He accuses not all the Council.*

in the County of *Cornwall*, I was order'd to be kept a close Prisoner by the Judgment of some* of the Prince's Council, for refusing to be Lieutenant-General under the Lord *Hopton*.

That kind of Justice did so discourage both the Soldiery and the Inhabitants his Majesty's Subjects in those Parts, that it hasten'd his general Loss of all, which, otherwise 'tis† probable might have been maintain'd against his Enemies.

The 2d of *March*, 1646, his Highness the Prince finding the Enemy at hand, and his Soldiery ready to be yielded up at Mercy unto the Enemy in a Condition dishonourable, he then departed from *Pendennis Castle in Cornwall*, by Boat unto *Sorlinges Island*.

The Day following, I got me a Passage for *France*, thence into *Italy*, and then returned to *Holland*.

In *February*, 1650, I received in *Holland* his Majesty's gracious Commands, by Letter from *Jersey*, importing his Pleasure to me, That for some special Occasions towards his Service, he would have me return speedily to a Place convenient in *France*, nigh

* It is still but some of the Council; 'tis plain they were not all of a mind.

† No Game can be called desperate where the Probability of Success is on your side; What Occasion was there then at that time for that celebrated Speech ascribed to the Lord *Hopton*.

him,

him, to be resident to attend his Services. Accordingly I obey'd, and found his Majesty at *Beauvais* in *France* in his way for *Holland*: I continued at hand, attending his Pleasure, till to my great Grief he departed for *Scotland*.

Afterwards I found myself a Place of Habitation for a time in *Bretagne* in *France*. There I employ'd my own Monies and great Labours to advantage the King's Service, as in supplying *Sorlinges* with what was in my Power, also in Cloathing and Victualling the Soldiers of *Guernsey-Castle* when no Man else would do it, they being almost naked and starved.*

Now concerning the Business which has occasion'd the Writing hereof; the Truth is as follows.

In *April* and *May*, 1653, when I was in *Paris*, it was there commonly spoken by divers Persons, how that *Sir Edward Hyde* was suspected to have betray'd the King.

Afterwards elsewhere having understood more Probabilities of such Truths, I believed it my Duty to advertise his Majesty of what I had been informed thereof.

August 12, 1653, I writ of it to his Majesty, for prevention of future Mischief, if to be doubted, as
that

that it was reported Sir *Edward Hyde* had private Conference with *Cromwell* in *England* for Intelligence.

For Answer thereto, the Marquis of *Ormond*, by Letter of the 19th of *September* 1653, did write to me----That his Majesty required to know my Grounds for what I did alledge against Sir *Edward Hyde*, also that I should send him all Writings received concerning that Affair : and likewise the Names of all my Authors.

In Obedience, I wrote as followeth.

That my Duty was my only Ground for what I writ concerning Sir *Edward Hyde*. As for my Authors, Colonel *Wyndham* said to my self at *Boulogne*, in *June*, 1653, That Sir *Edward Hyde* had been in *England*, and that there he had private Speech with *Cromwell*; Also, said he, Mr. *Robert Long* is now in *Holland*, he can, and will give more certain Information of its Particulars : And that thereupon I did by Letter desire Mr. *Long* to certify the Truth of that Report.

July 28th, 1653, I received his Answer, wherein he appear'd to confirm, what I writ was said of Sir *Edward Hyde*, by Colonel *Wyndham*: Which Letter I sent, because commanded, but greatly against my Will.

Since

Since which Letter Mr. *Robert Long* sent me another, containing thus ---

“ I will assure you it will be verified that the Person named did positively and constantly affirm before two Witnesses, whereof one is on this side of the Sea, and the other in *England*, that that Person brought Sir *Edward Hyde* to a Conference with *Cromwell*, and described him so particularly, that it was evident he was known; and did as particularly describe a Person that was then with him.

And lastly, concerning Sir *Edward Hyde*'s Pension for Intelligence, that it was so said by divers Persons, so commonly, and in divers Places, that I did not charge them to my Memory, therefore could not possibly at certainty name many Authors for it, but I did well remember Mr. *Campbell* said it sundry times in my hearing at *Paris*: So also did the Bishop of *Derry* speak it to me at *Flussing*, July 1653.

Having thus perform'd my Duty, as required, at last for the Reward of my constant known Loyalty, the Marquis of *Ormond* did signify to me by Letters dated *November 29, 1653*, That it was his Majesty's Pleasure to command, that I presume not to come in his Presence or Court: That he finds my Allegations against Mr. Chancellor of the *Exchequer* to be deficient

to

to the Ends they were offer'd, and are taken to be a defamatory Libel.

Since again, for farther Vindication of *Hyde*, have been dispers'd many Copies of a Declaration in Writing, as authorized by his Majesty, *January* 13th, 1654, whereof divers Copies have been dispers'd, not only in *France*, but also in *England*, *Holland*, and elsewhere; and of the same here next ensuing is a Copy.

Tuesday the 13th of January, 1654.

P R E S E N T.

The King's Majesty.

The Queen's Majesty.

The Duke of York.

The Duke of Gloucester.

Prince Rupert.

Lord-Keeper, Sir Edward Herbert.

Lord-Chamberlain, Lord Piercy.

Lord Inchequin.

Marquis of Ormond, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Lord Jermin.

Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

“ **W**HEREAS upon Complaint made the 22d Day
“ of *December* last by Mr. Chancellor of the
Exchequer

“ *Exchequer*, of certain Discourses spread abroad to
“ his Prejudice, as if he was under an Accusation of
“ High-Treason : And upon his humble Desire that
“ his Majesty would examine the Grounds of those
“ Discourses ; his Majesty, after other Inquiries,
“ caused a Letter to be read which had been written
“ to himself in *August* last past by Sir *Richard Gran-*
“ *ville*, in which he informed his Majesty, That
“ Mr. Chancellor of the *Exchequer* had made a Step
“ into *England* before his last coming to *Paris*, and
“ that he had there private Conference with *Crom-*
“ *well*, and that he had a Pension paid him a long
“ time out of *England* for Intelligence : For justify-
“ ing which Information, the said Sir *Richard* being
“ required by his Majesty to send him the Grounds
“ thereof, had sent a Letter written to him by Mr. *Ro-*
“ *bert Long*, which was then likewise read : Upon
“ which Matter, after his Majesty had examined other
“ Allegations made by Sir *Richard*, which he found
“ to be untrue, and some whereof his Majesty him-
“ self knew to be false, his Majesty had formerly de-
“ clared his Judgment to the said Sir *Richard*, for-
“ bidding him to come into his Presence. ----- And
“ moreover his Majesty examined Mr. *Peter Masso-*
“ *net* at the Board, the 12th of this Instant, in re-
“ gard he had been mentioned as one of the Authors
of

“ of that Report ; and likewise caused a Paper written
 “ by the said Mr. *Robert Long*, dated *January 13th*,
 “ in Justification of what he had formerly written to
 “ Sir *Richard Granville*, to be read, which Paper
 “ his Majesty looks upon as a Libel derogatory from
 “ his own Honour and Justice, as well as full of Ma-
 “ lice against Mr. Chancellor, and will hereafter take
 “ farther Consideration thereof. And upon the whole
 “ Matter declares, That the Accusation and Informa-
 “ tion against Mr. Chancellor is a groundless and a
 “ malicious Calumny, and that he is well satisfied of
 “ his constant Integrity and Fidelity in the Service of
 “ his Father and himself: And moreover, that he
 “ will in due time farther examine this unworthy
 “ Combination against him, when it shall be more
 “ in his Power to punish the Persons who shall appear
 “ to be guilty of it. And in the mean time his Ma-
 “ jesty farther declares his former Judgment, That
 “ the said Sir *Richard Granville* shall not presume to
 “ come into his Presence.

To conclude this Declaration, I only subscribe ----
*O put not your Trust in Princes, nor in any Child of
 Man, for there is no help in them.**

* He might very well make that Reflection, for there was not
 a Member of the Council but who had engaged himself to stand
 by him, except the Marquis of Ormond.

Tho' these Experiences have grieved me, yet they have of late done me good, for they mind me of my greatest Duty, and accordingly I will pursue it, to seek my Peace with God and Man, and to find me a quiet Dying-place in my Native Country, never again to touch with any worldly Affairs.

The Premises being so order'd to publick View, it is free for the World to judge whether or not I am guilty of a Crime worthy of Banishment, because as my conceived Duty I advertis'd the King how *Hyde* was suspected and reported to betray his Majesty; and I named my Authors, and my Advices received thereof.

This being, why should such Performance of Duty be charged against me as guilty of a Combination against *Hyde*, whereof I protest my self not to be guilty in any Particular; rather the contrary may be conceived, that *Hyde* is guilty of some Combinations against me in some Relations not convenient here to be mention'd.

If Persons to perform their loyal Duty, shall discover Probabilities of Treason, and be ruin'd for it, who then will trouble themselves to do it, whenas Sovereignty shall censure Loyalty as a Crime.

I must confess Truths. After sight of his Majesty's Displeasure, it gave me for some Days a most hearty

ty Sorrow and Grief for my self, as having lost that Royal Countenance which loyal Duty made me love.

Now also I'll confess, I am not less sorry for the King's Loss of so faithful a Servant, that has freely sacrific'd both his Estate and Life for him.

Such he wants, and such he will want; but that's not valu'd. *Hyde* must be conceived injur'd by common Fame: He may not be taken guilty of any Disloyalty.

But Sir *Richard Granville* for his presuming Loyalty must be by a publick Declaration defam'd as a *Banditto*, and his very Loyalty understood a Crime.

However, seeing it must be so, let God be prayed to bless the King with faithful Counsellors, and that none may be prevalent to be any way hurtful to him, or to any of his Relations.

As for Sir *Richard Granville*, let him go with the Reward of an old Soldier of the King's; There is no present Use for him, when there shall be, the Council will think on't -- if not too late, *Vale*.

Here I shall close my Evidence, having thus authentically and demonstratively proved my Proposition -- That the noble Historian in his Account of Sir *Richard Granville*, and the Western Proceedings, has been too

M 2 passionate,

passionate, and too much interested; and the reverend Historian too credulous.

The noble Historian has Human Nature to plead in his Excuse; the Impetuosity of strong Resentments, and a fatal Miscarriage, of which it was but natural to cast the Blame any where, rather than take it upon himself: But what shall we say for the Reverend Historian, who calmly and coolly reports what the other is excusable only for uttering in Anger and Self-defense?

Sir *Richard Granville* certainly merited a more generous Treatment, and a more favourable Mention. His singular Loyalty intitled him to it: Under all the Oppressions of Power from the great Men and Ministers of those Times, beyond Example or Precedent, no Provocation could drive him from the Royal Cause: He preserved his Zeal and Fidelity to the King untainted and inviolable under all Discouragements; when so many others of the first Rank forgot Obligations, to serve against him, he forgot Injuries to serve for him.

It may seem something strange that the Chancellor should have made so little account of an Accusation thus publick, and which touched him so nearly, as to pass it by with such slender Notice. Methinks so malicious a Combination, if it was one, should have been

been searched to the Bottom, and made manifest to all the World.

Was it enough to be justified only at first by a Royal Declaration, so easy for a first Minister, in full Credit to obtain ? And afterwards when the same Accusation became part of a National Enquiry, was it enough to plead only the Act of Indemnity ?

Not that it is a Charge to which any reasonable Man can give belief : It is of that incredible kind from which no other Reflection can be drawn, but that the very best Men have it not in their Power so to conduct themselves in a censorious World as to be safe from Envy and Calumny.

It was the Misfortune of this great Man, however little merited, to have been the Object of almost every Man's Hate in the Army, during the whole Course of the Civil War : It was his Misfortune to continue the same Object of Hate during the Royal Exile : It was still his Misfortune, even after the Restauration, to become the Object of the People's Hate ; and at last of the King his Master's. This could not happen by Chance ; and yet his greatest Enemies could never deny but he was a Man of strict Piety, Virtue, Knowledge, and supereminent Talents. I fear it must be owned that he had too great a Contempt of other Men, too haughty and magisterial, never yielding to the Opi-

nion of others, or receding from his own ; impracticable with whoever had the Misfortune to differ from him ; inflexible even in Cases where the Necessities of the Times required some moderate Compliances. This appears in nothing more than in that Instance of not suffering the King in his Banishment to appear in the Church at *Charenton*, contrary to all Advice but his own ; as if being seen in any Protestant Church where the Service was not exactly performed according to the Liturgy of the Church of *England*, might offend the Friends of Episcopacy, and look like giving up the Church. There are innumerable Instances of this kind of Tenaciousness mentioned by himself, which being unsuitable to the Times, and contrary to all Policy in the desperate Situation of the King's Affairs, could not but create him many Enemies.

Sir *Richard's* Part, however, was unavoidable : No Generosity could have excused stifling Informations of so dangerous a Nature. Concealment was High-Treason : He could do no less than Communicate the Advice, and he did it in the most private manner in a Letter to the King, which his Majesty was at liberty either to stifle or examine, as in his own Wisdom he should think fit : In this there could be no Crime ; in Silence there would ; especially since those Informations, however improbable, were not taken from
rash

rash and idle Discourses, but signified under the Hands of Persons of Note and Character, who undertook for the Proof. Neither was Sir *Richard* hasty or precipitate in producing his Evidence; he secured his Vouchers, under Hand and Seal, before he adventured to advertise his Master. If there was any malicious Combination, he positively denies any Share in it: Yet such was the Chancellor's Grudge to him, and to him only, that he was the sole Person singled out to be punish'd: The rest were refer'd to another time when his Majesty might have more Power of examining and punishing: And yet when that Time came, and these very original Accusers returned to the Charge, reviving this very Article in a Parliamentary Impeachment, *Wyndham* was liberally provided for, Mr. *Robert Long* was made Sir *Robert*, and Auditor of the *Exchequer*; and Sir *Richard*, had he been alive, perhaps might have been a General again.

But so publick a Mark of his Majesty's Displeasure was too sensible for his high Spirit to bear. He retired from all Conversation with Mankind, shut himself up from the World, to prepare himself seriously for another; never so much as suffering his Beard to be shaven, from that Moment to his dying Day: Which soon followed; his great Heart not being able to hold out any longer.

He lies buried in a Church at *Ghent*, with this Inscription only upon a plain Stone.

Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE,
The King's General in the West.



A
L E T T E R

To the AUTHOR of
REFLEXIONS *Historical and Political,*

Occasioned by a

T R E A T I S E

In VINDICATION of

GENERAL MONK,

A N D

Sir RICHARD GRANVILLE, &c.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND

FROM THE REFORMATION TO THE PRESENT
BY JOHN HENRY CARDUS

L E T T E R

To the AUTHOR OF

REFORMATION HISTORY AND LITERATURE

Offered by a

T R E A T I S E

IN VINDICATION

OF THE
GENERAL PRINCIPLES

AND

OF RICHARD GRAYBILL, &c.

1852

S I R,

IT is my Misfortune not to know to whom I am addressing my self, otherwise I should not be wanting in making a proper Return to the flattering Preamble with which you are pleased to open your *Historical Reflexions*.

You mistake me very much, if you suppose it was ever my Intention to criticise in the whole, either the Earl of *Clarendon's*, or the Bishop of *Salisbury's* Histories : You yourself are pleased to allow there are some Things in the Bishop's History liable to Exception ; I assure you, Sir, I mean no more, and so far we agree.

Your first Exception is to my having called it the History of the Scandal of his own Times, which you say needs a farther Explanation : Since you desire it, Sir, I will give it.

Pensioners, and pack'd Parliaments, and such other political Enormities as you are pleased to reckon up, were no part of my Meaning ; if you have any new Observations to add to the Bishop's, upon that Head of Publick Grievances, provided the Facts are true, there will be no Scandal. But methinks, in your List of wicked Ministers, my Lord *Danby* might have
A
been

been left out for his Merit in the *Revolution*, and having laid the Foundation of it. It must be a very unforgiving Temper that will allow of no Atonement for past Offences.

The Reflexion you complain of was not meant at Political, but Personal Scandal, which, of all others, I take to be the most enormous, as most contrary to Christian Charity, and therefore least becoming a Bishop. Since you call upon me, I shall give you some few Instances which, in spite of Partiality, you must allow to be convincing.

For Example :

Were the private supposed Adventures of the Dutchess of *Orleans*, no way relative to Transactions of State, and Fictions only of Novels and Court Lampoons, fit to be repeated with an Air of Historical Truths? her Interview with her Brother at *Dover*, was indeed Matter of State, and not to be omitted : But her pretended Amours with *Desfvars*, the Count *de Guiche*, and *Treville*, all into the Bargain, meer *French* Scandal, long since buried in Oblivion; sure, Sir, you must allow the Revival of such Reflexions upon the private Character of any Lady, much more a great Princess, the Daughter of a King, and the Wife of a King's Brother, to have been, without Exaggeration, uncharitable.

A generous Man will rather endeavour, where there is room for it, to wipe off a Scandal, than to fix it; and in this Case there was sufficient Room, the Memory of that beautiful Princess being so far from lying under any Reproach in that Country, that her Death is at this very Day lamented with Tears. What could provoke the Bishop? unless it was that her Name was *Stuart*, and every one of that Race was to be branded.

Why is Mr. *Dryden* stigmatized as a Monster of Immodesty and Impurity of all sorts? Was that his Character? No, Sir, all who knew him can contradict it. He was so much a Stranger to Immodesty, that Modesty in too great a degree was his Failing. He hurt his Fortune by it, he was sensible of it, he complained of it, and never could overcome it: And then again---- *A Monster of Impurity of all sorts.* ---- Good God! what an Idea must that give? Impurity of all sorts! Is there any Wickedness under the Sun but what is compriz'd in those few Words; But as it happens he was the Reverse of all this, a Man of regular Life and sober Conversation, as all his Acquaintance can vouch. Believe me, Sir, this was too much: You cannot but grieve with me that such rash Expressions should escape from a Bishop's Pen, how much soever he was your Friend; as a Friend, you should indeed

indeed grieve for it the more. If bearing false Witness against one's Neighbour is a Breach of Commandment; can there be a more flagrant one than this? Mr. *Dryden* was by Birth a Gentleman of a worthy Family in the County of *Huntington*, often serving as Representatives for that County; greatly allied by his Marriage with a Daughter of the Earl of *Berkshire*: He was esteemed, courted, and admired by all the great Men of the Age in which he liv'd, who would certainly not have received into Friendship a Monster, abandon'd to all sorts of Vice and Impiety. His Writings will do immortal Honour to his Name and Country, and his Poems last as long, if I may have Leave to say it, as the Bishop's Sermons, supposing them equally excellent in their Kind.

The next Instance I am furnish'd with, is not only false in Character and Fact, but, pardon me, Sir, I had like to have said --- brutal.

Speaking contemptibly of the Duke of *Albemarle*, and the Earl of *Bath* --- He thus expresses himself. ---

“He took care to raise his Kinsman *Greenwill* ---
 “a Man who thought of nothing but getting and
 “spending Money.” Would one not naturally think this same *Greenwill*, as he calls him, was some pitiful Scoundrel, raised from the Dirt, upon no other Merit
 but

but being the General's Cousin ? A Man, or a Wretch, 'tis the same thing, who thought of nothing but getting and spending Money. Now this happens likewise to be directly the Reverse both in Character and Fact : But it was a random Stroke ; some Lash he deserv'd for the Hand he had in the *Restoration*, something was to be said, hit, or miss, true or false, it was to take its Chance, and Posterity was to believe it upon his Word. Dr. Burnet says it.

The noble Person thus familiarly and scornfully treated, stood in no need of the Royal Favour upon any Bottom but his own : At the Age of Sixteen he attended the King at the Battle of *Newbury*, and was left among the Slain ; recovering of his Wounds, the Prince who had taken him in Affection, being much about the same Age, earnestly desired to have him near his Person, in the Quality of Gentleman of his Bedchamber, to which the King consented. There was a remarkable Letter upon this Subject found amongst the Queen's Papers, ungenerously printed by Order of Parliament to expose her Majesty's Influence, wherein it appears she was offended at this Promotion, as done without her Participation : The King excuses himself upon the promising Merit of the young Gentleman, the signal Services of his Father, the Interest of his Family, and the earnest Request of his Son.

This

This Letter is still extant in the Εἰκὼν Βασιλική. In this favourite Post he attended the Person of the Prince, afterwards King, in his Exile, till upon the Revolt of the Island of Scilly, he was sent to take Possession of that Place, and to defend it. A powerful Fleet was soon appointed by the Parliament, with a sufficient Land Force to retake it, under the Command of two Admirals, *Blake* and *Aiscough*. In the Interim of the Siege, a private Deputation was sent to him from the *States-General*, offering Relief, and no less than a Sum of One Hundred Thousand Pounds, if he would put the Island into their Hands, it being hardly otherwise defensible much longer. This Person, whose Thoughts, according to the Bishop, were bent upon nothing but getting Money, rejected the Offer, but gained Time to acquaint his Master with it, and to receive his Commands. His Majesty, notwithstanding his great Necessities, rejected it too, and chose rather to direct a Surrender to the Parliament, than to dismember any Part of his Dominions, indigent as he was, and hopeless at that Time to recover the Possession to himself; such Tendernefs had that Prince, whom it is become a Fashion to load so heavily, for his Country, even when he was under the greatest Distress. The Place was accordingly surrender'd when no longer tenable, upon such honourable Terms,

Terms, that the Parliament refused to ratify the Conditions; but *Blake*, who was a Man of Honour, insisting to make good what he had signed, or threatening to throw up his Commission, the Parliament acquiesced. By these Articles it was provided, That Himself, and all others, of whose Names he gave a List, should be at liberty to return home, and restor'd to their Estates. Under this Condition he resided in *England*, and was imploy'd by Commission from the King to manage the Royal Interest at home, in which were joined with him the following Persons, all eminent Names, and tho' not Members of the Council of State, no less zealous for the Liberty of their Country;

The Earl of Oxford.

The Earl of Northampton.

The Lord Mordaunt.

The Lord Bellasis.

Colonel John Russel, Brother to the Earl of Bedford.

Sir William Compton, General of the Ordnance.

Sir Orlando Bridgman, Lord-Keeper.

Sir Jeoffry Palmer, the King's Attorney-General.

Colonel William Leg, of his Majesty's Bed-Chamber.

Colonel Edward Villiers of the Bed-chamber to the Duke.

Mr. Andrew Newport, Brother to the Lord Newport.

Sir Henry Slingsby, } Both afterwards beheaded.

Dr. Hewet.

And

And, by Misfortune, *Sir Richard Willis* was added to the Number, who was said to betray all their Counsels to *Cromwell*, upon condition, tho' their Secrets were reveal'd, their Persons should be undisturb'd. This Council gave themselves the Name of the *Sealed Knot*.

Cromwell thus put upon his Guard by a false Brother, all future Designs and Insurrections were disappointed during his Life, and no other Hope or Chance left after his Death, but to try *General Monk*, then commanding in *Scotland*. To this *Sir John Granville* apply'd himself, and succeeded, as is very well known: A *Restoration* was the Consequence.

Thus, Sir, you see this noble Person, as disdainfully as he is mentioned by the Bishop, had Merit enough to stand upon his own Legs, without being beholden to any body. The Warrant for his Earldom was signed at *Brussels*, before the *Restoration*, when *General Monk* was yet a Stranger to the King's Person; and the Office of Groom of the Stole, upon the Decease of the Duke of *Somerset*, was a natural Rise, as eldest Lord of the Bedchamber, which Post he had enjoy'd above Twelve Years before.

Pray, Sir, what can you think of this? Was it not misrepresenting, egregiously misrepresenting? I am inclin'd

inclin'd to use the softest Terms, and leave it to your self to find a Name for it.

Mr. Secretary *Morrice* comes next, another Kinsman of the General's, mentioned in the like contemptuous manner: And here again the Bishop is mistaken, both in Fact and Character: But it was fit he should have some Stroke too, having been the Person who made way for Sir *John Granville* to come at the General.

Mr. *Morrice's* Promotion was not the Act of the General: Sir *John Granville*, upon his Return to the King after his first Conference with the General, propos'd it to his Majesty, as a Reward not only due to him, but as a Surprise which would be highly acceptable to the General. Thus it was a Favour resolv'd upon in the King's Breast, before the actual *Restoration*, unknown to the General. Sir *Thomas Clerges* was the Person who expected it, and very hardly digested the Disappointment.

Thus, Sir, you see here is another Fact misrepresented, besides that Mr. Secretary *Morrice*, who was a Man noted for the strictest Probity, as well as Capacity and Experience, deserved a more honourable Mention in point of personal Character.

And here I cannot forbear observing a little upon the Word *Raised* --- He raised his Kinsman -- Such a Minister

Minister raised such a Man --- as if a Man of Merit, Family, and Fortune, was raised by accepting an Employment : Quite the contrary : He raises the Employment by the Credit he adds to it : It is a Word applicable only to such as are taken from the Dirt.

These few Instances, Sir, are sufficient to explain to you that it was Personal and not Political Scandal I meant.

I am sorry to say it, but the Bishop seems to take too much Delight in speaking ill of his Neighbour.

Good God ! how does he treat my Lord *Anglesea* ! that very Lord *Anglesea*, who stands Third upon your own List of Patriots, of whom it is no Flattery to say, there were not greater Men in the *Roman* Senate, when *Rome* was at the Height of her Liberty and Glory. “ He stuck at nothing -- was ashamed of no-
 “ thing --- neither loved nor trusted by any Man --- or
 “ any Side -- Had no Regard to common Decencies --
 “ Sold every thing --- Sold himself so often, that his
 “ Price fell so low he grew useless, &c.

Is this the Language of a Prelate ? Is it Christian Language ? Where is that Spirit of Candour and Meekness, of Moderation and Charity, that should distinguish a Father of the Church ? Might not the Bishop's own Words be turned upon him : That in giving Characters, he sticks at nothing, is ashamed of
 nothing,

nothing, and seems to have no Regard to common Decencies. In a Word in exposing the Characters of others, might it not be said, he much more exposes his own?

You wish very kindly, Sir, that I had softened some Expressions in two or three Places, and I wish there had been no Occasion given for worse: It cannot but appear to you now, that I had more than sufficient Provocation to make much warmer Returns on behalf of Persons, some of them so nearly related to me, so roughly, unjustly, and, I may say, unmannerly treated. If they had deserved such Characters, I should have been silent; to vindicate a Friend apparently in the wrong, is as much against the Rules of Truth and Justice, as to vilify an Enemy apparently in the right. At the same time, Sir, that you give this kind softning Advice, how do you fly out and take Fire yourself at the Freedom of one rash Word from a fair Lady. A *French* Dutcheß, *French* Papist, *French*-- too gross to be named, but so plain to be understood: you might as well have set it down at full Length.

If you had allowed your self Time to cool, you would have consider'd that great Lady was as much an *English* Dutcheß as a *French*, that she has a numerous and powerful Alliance in this Country, who in all Probability might highly resent the Freedom of
such

such Language. *French Dutchess, French Papist, French* with a Dash ---- is a sort of Mob-Language, which, however it might serve once upon a Time, has now lost its Force, and been long out of use. Besides, you might have observed that her Grace did not say Dr. Burnet was a Lyar, a harsh Word I confess, but only reputed so; and according to your own way of Reckoning, on behalf of the Bishop, it is the Inventor who is answerable, and not the Reporter of the Hear-say: Thus the King, and the Duke, and the whole Court are to be charged with it, and not the Dutchess, who only repeated what she had heard from others, as the Bishop himself does thro' the whole Course of his History, after those great Examples of *Thuanus* and other eminent Authors, so learnedly quoted by you: From whence it is plainly made out, that the *Falsissima* & *Indigna* which may mix in a History, are not to be charged upon the Writer: let the Informer look to it: A good Tale is not to be lost for want of being true.

Seriously, Sir, I wish, in the friendliest way, that you had retorted this Reflexion in a Style more courtly, and suitable to the high Dignity and Quality of the Lady. In the polite World, the fair Sex has always been privileged from Ill-language: Upon calm Recollection, I am confident you will find this to be
your

your own natural way of Thinking. But alas! how little are we Masters of our selves, when Passion takes place!

As to the poisoning Part of the Story, it was always my Opinion, and not ill-grounded neither, that the King hasten'd his Death by his own Quackery: The last Year of his Life he had been much troubled with a sore Leg, which he endeavour'd to conceal, and trusted too much to his own Drugs and Medicines. On a sudden the Running stopt, and it was then he was seized with his Apoplexy: A common Case, fatal the Moment those sort of Sores dry up. There being so natural a way of accounting for his Death, to what Purpose then all these forc'd Speculations from strained Circumstances? No one but the next Heir could have any Interest in it, and he never was so much as accused or suspected. The Bishop himself generously acquits him.

That you are furnished with Materials to load the Duke of *Albemarle's* Character beyond any thing the Bishop has said of him, may very well be true; *Ludlow* and *Toland* may be great Helps to you; but that you forbear in respect to his being my Relation: I acknowledge as a civil Compliment: Thus, as you declare the Bishop of *Salisbury* to have been your Friend, a Tye stronger than Kindred, I have observed

ved the same Measures, as far as the Nature of his Reflexions would allow, not being willing to be out-done in Civility. But I could rather wish you would agree with me to express that Forbearance, for the sake of Truth. You know very well that no Man's Character in Life has been more exposed than the Bishop's; but to make good an Argument by Collections from Slander, is as dishonourable as to use envenom'd Weapons in Combat. It is not from the Invidious Invectives and Scurrilities of professed Enemies, that we are to seek for Truth, any more than from the obsequious Adulations of professed Flatterers and Sycophants. I equally renounce both.

I have said nothing of General *Monk*, but what is grounded upon incontestable Facts: A Man must be very much prejudiced indeed, who argues against Demonstration.

That *Bourdeaux* the *French* Ambassador said he was no accomplish'd Courtier, I agree to be true, especially in the *French* way of Accomplishments; he could neither Sing nor Dance, play upon the Flute or Fiddle: He was a plain downright *Englishman*, a rough Soldier bred in Camps, unskill'd and detesting the little supple servile Arts practis'd in Courts. I agree likewise with Mr. *Locke* and Mr. *Whitlock*, that he was not a Man of what is commonly understood by Quick Parts:

But

But if he was slow in considering, he was sure in executing: Solidity of Judgment, indefatigable Industry, and intrepid Courage, were the Qualities best adapted for the Work he was to perform. Your Men of Quick Parts, as they are called, are not always the surest in Business; at least different Employments require different Talents. I am not so partial as to dispute this Point, but readily give him up as neither a dexterous Courtier, nor a sparkling Genius.

But I can by no means agree to your Logick, that this Concession would be any Proof or Corroboration of what the Bishop has alledged of his becoming useless and inconsiderable after the *Restoration*.

That he was employ'd after the *Restoration* in the most important Trusts, Civil and Military, to the Day of his Death, was it not Fact? That he fought so many Battles, and obtained so many Victories after the *Restoration*, was it not Fact? That he was charged with the Care of the City of *London* in the time of its greatest Calamities by *Plague* and *Fire*, was it not Fact? When the *Exchequer* was low, and Credit sinking, was he not placed at the Head of the Treasury, to reform and retrieve it, till the Earl of *Southampton* was made sole Treasurer; and then upon the Death of that noble Lord, charged with it again to his Dying-day, was it not Fact? And was there

ever any Complaint of Neglect or Profusion in his Exercise of that Trust? On the contrary, was not too exact an Oeconomy, and too close a Management of the publick Money laid to his Charge? Is not this true? In all nice Emergencies of State, Civil or Military, by Sea or Land, was he not the Person constantly resorted to, to repel Invasions from abroad, and appease Disturbances at home: Is not this true? Is there any Precedent or Example in History of a private Person rendering such signal Services to his Prince and Country, so little elated, so free from Pride, Presumption, Arrogance, and Ostentation? This I take to be the most considerable Part of his Character, unless intriguing ambitious turbulent Spirits are only to be accounted considerable. Even after his Death, in grateful Respect to his Memory, were not his Funeral Obsequies solemnized at the publick Charge, with such Pomp and Magnificence as has ever since been a Pattern for Royal Interments? Were not these Facts?

Dear Sir, where is that Logick that can reconcile this, and a great deal more that might be said, too *Useless* and *Inconsiderable*? I shall conclude this Head with a Saying of Mr. Secretary *Nicholas*, who is allowed by the Bishop to have been a Man of Probity and Virtue, however disqualified by his Lordship for

a Statesman; "That the Duke of *Albemarle*, independent of his Merit in the *Restoration*, by his indefatigable Industry and Services afterwards, merited more than a Prince could do for him." Was this being useless and inconsiderable? Believe me, Sir, Prejudice, when it appears inveterate, like Flattery, when it is fulsome, destroys its own Credit; to persist in maintaining an Argument against Demonstration and incontestable Facts in any one Case, is sufficient to bring in question the very Veracity of all others.

It appears that what has provok'd the Bishop's, and your own Indignation so much, was restoring the King without Conditions or Limitations: *Hinc illæ Lacrymæ*! As if we owed our present Happiness and Security to nothing but those Conditions and Limitations which have been since provided. Allow something, if you please, to the Virtue of the King. A powerful Prince, with ambitious Inclinations, might break thro' those Restraints as well as through any other Laws.

Mr. Arch-Deacon *Echard*, I perceive, is not quite so much out of Favour, but, to serve an Occasion, you can even have recourse to Citations from him: To refer to that reverend Person's Authority, after having so unmercifully decry'd it, is like calling for

Help from a Man whose Brains you had beat out before.

That Opinions were divided, whether to treat with the King, or intirely to confide in him, is acknowledged, but that it was carried in the most generous way by the Dexterity and Management of the General, is as true. The King has owned it, and declared it over and over under his own Hand: Is that an Authority to be disputed? 'Tis hard you will not allow him to know best to whom he was most obliged.

But, good God! you cry out, “What a world
“ of Miseries was this poor Nation involv'd in, by
“ his so Restoring him! It makes one tremble to look
“ back, &c.” Such, it seems, was the Case, if it was the General's Act: But if it was the Act of the *Presbyterians*, as you endeavour to prove afterwards, pray, Sir, what was it then?

And here give me leave to lament your Unhappiness in vexing your self always with contemplating the worst Side of the Prospect. When we are Masters of two different Views; one, of delightful Vales, enamell'd Fields, gentle Streams, and flowery Borders; the other of steep Rocks, frightful Precipices, dark, gloomy, fullen Shades, and dismal Ruines: A Man must be very splenetick indeed, who fixes his Attention

tion on the unpleasant Part, and turns his Back upon the pleasing one.

You can see, or at least you will see, nothing in the *Restoration* of King *Charles* the Second, but the Disturbances of the latter end of his Reign, when, by the Envy, Ambition, Hatred and Prejudice of private Persons contending for Power, Parties were inflamed to that height, that as each could get uppermost they made the cruellest Reprisals upon one another, and forced a generous Prince against his Nature, into Acts of Power which he would fain have avoided, if he could either have persuaded or commanded more Moderation. The fatal Consequences of this Spirit of Faction, which involved the Publick in such Difficulties and Disorders, seem to be the Scene that presents it self only to your Imagination, and terrifies you with such frightful Ideas: Now, I who, I thank God, am not of so splenetick a Constitution, cast my Eye to the other Side of the Prospect.

I behold a King, with a guilty Nation prostrate at his Feet, raising his Enemies from the Ground, taking them by the Hand as if they had never offended: Sour hypocritical Zeal and Grimace, turn'd as by Inchantment, all at once into Good-humour and open-hearted Chearfulness: Majesty and Splendor in the Court, Decency and Discipline in the Church, Dig-

nity and Condescension in the Nobility, Plenty and Hospitality in the Country, Opulence in the City, Good-nature and Good-manners amongst all Ranks and Conditions of Men : Trade flourishing, Navigation extended, Manufactures improved, Arts and Sciences encouraged, Wit abounding, the Muses restored, the Gown respected ; and above all, Liberty, Sir, Liberty secured to perpetuity, by that great Bulwark the *Habeas Corpus* Act. This, Sir, is the Scene which presents it self to me, and I look back with Pleasure upon it.

Princes may be driven sometimes, by extraordinary unforeseen Events, to irregular Acts of Power, tho' not strictly justifiable, unavoidable : The gentlest River, by some accidental Swell of its Waters, may overflow the Banks, but naturally returns back into its proper Channel : But Party-Rage is like an Irruption of the Sea, that drowns and confounds all before it, not to be withstood or control'd by Bank or Dam.

I have now told you, very naturally, the Difference of your way and mine of choosing Objects, in which I think I have the better, as much as the Laughing Philosopher had of the Weeping one. ----- But after all, if looking back upon past Times gives your Mind such Uneasiness, and puts your Body into
such

such Agitations of Trembling, look forward, Sir, enjoy the present Blessings of an auspicious Reign, and let our dead Monarchs rest quiet and undisturbed in their Tombs.

You are offended at my Application of the Word *Rebel*, and at my Lord *Clarendon's* intitling his Book, *The History of the Great Rebellion*: Pray, Sir, what other Appellation has the Law provided for any Body of Men in Arms against their Sovereign, by whatever Name they may style or distinguish themselves? Be pleased to turn to your *Common-Prayer Book*, you will find, *A Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for having put an end to the Great Rebellion*. You will likewise find, in one of the very Prayers address'd to almighty God ---- “ We yield thee
“ praise and thanks for the wonderful Deliverance of
“ these three Kingdoms from the *Great Rebellion*,
“ and all the miseries and oppressions consequent there-
“ upon, under which they had so long groaned, &c.

This is an annual Solemnity, appointed by Act of Parliament to be for ever kept holy, in which your self, Sir, and every good Subject is obliged to join, not only in Observance of an Ordinance of the Church, but in Obedience to an Act of the Legislature.

Now to come to Sir RICHARD.

You are pleased to dispute the Circumstances in a Fact of too little Moment indeed to have been animadverted upon with so much Refinement: The Fact you acknowledge, but the Circumstances are question'd from an Article in Mr. *Whitlock's* Memorials, which you likewise are pleased to interpret in your own way. It is no great Matter, I think, at what Age the Gentleman was hanged, but hanged he was, and that was the Provocation for the Retaliations that follow'd: I have said he was a young Man: you will have it that he was in Years; I was told by Persons who knew him, That he was a young Man; and Mr. *Whitlock* says neither the one nor the other: But you say it must be so, because a Man must be in Years to be in a Plot; and Mr. *Whitlock* says he was persuaded into a Plot, and executed for that; Now, Sir, in my humble Opinion, the younger he was, the more likely to be drawn in; Mr. *Whitlock's* Words are, *He was persuaded into a Plot*, which in plain *English* signifies drawn in; and put to Death for it. When a Man is marked for Destruction, there is nothing so easy as to find a Handle; and this was an Action of that kind, as required to be coloured over with some specious

specious Pretence: It was necessary to assign some Crime, true or false. You will likewise needs have it, by the same Strength of Imagination, that he was a Spy, and a Spy of the worst sort, if he was a Prisoner. Now, Sir, I must tell you, that being a Spy is by no means the Office of a Gentleman, and it is very unlikely Sir *Richard* should employ a Gentleman of his own Name, young or old, in the most ignominious of all Services. Neither does *Whitlock* charge any thing like it. His being a Prisoner, unless upon Parole of Honour, laid him under no Obligation not to use all Means that might offer for his Liberty, and if he could have obtained it by the Surprise of the Garrison where he was confined, all the World would have allowed it fair, and a Galant Action.

In short, I gave the Story with all its Circumstances, as I had it, not from Family Memoirs, but from indifferent Persons of that Country, living at the same time. And here, Sir, give me leave to observe to you, that this way of Affirming, and then Adding---*Whitlock* says it, *Locke* says it, *Rapin* says it, &c. can never be allowed a sure way of deciding, till such a thing can be found as an infallible Man. Besides, as I have already observed upon my Lord *Clarendon*, the greater the Authority, the more dangerous the Mistake; Neither is it to be taken for granted, that

every thing which comes from a Friend should be true, any more than that every thing which comes from an Enemy should be false.

At the same time that you report the Story of Sir *Richard*'s outwitting the Parliamentarians, with some additional Circumstances of your own, not material enough to be taken notice of, you should have done me the justice to have allowed, that I disapproved of it in the following Words: "I shall not pretend to justify this last Action, not being a Friend to any thing which looks like Deceit."---- But what provok'd you, it seems, was the Expression of a *Pack of Knaves*---which, by an extraordinary Strain of Sophistry, you would draw me in to mean twenty honourable Persons, of whom you give a List, whose Memories are to be respected, and the more, because they lived to separate themselves from the Pack of *Knaves*, to be ashamed of their Company, and to make ample Reparation for having kept it so long. This very Separation proves that there was a Pack of *Knaves*, whom these Men of Honour and true Patriots disowned and abandoned, as soon as they found them out. The Malice of this Reflexion turns upon your self, you have apply'd it where I never meant it: It never enter'd into my Thoughts.

With

With much more Reason might you be question'd, who stigmatize the Royal Party one and all, with no better Names than Promoters of Tyranny, Betrayers of Liberty, and Traitors to their Country. Who were these Traitors? Why, all the Princes of the Blood, and, with some few Exceptions, the whole Body of the Nobility, Clergy, and Gentry of the Kingdom. Too large a List to admit of Particulars: The noble Families, whose Ancestors you thus traduce, are most of them still in being.

The Divisions of the Civil and Military Councils in the *West*, you pass over as nothing to the purpose. If our Councils, you say, had been as united as the Pope's and the *French King's*, we must either have submitted, or been beaten into the Sea: To this Rant no other Reply can be given, but, like an old stanch *Cornishman*, to tell you, that we who had before beaten two of your Generals into the Sea, might as well have beaten a Third.

The Discontents and Desertions of the Western Men, and their Submission to *Fairfax* at the last Period of the War, is what I have owned, and accounted for: They happened not till Sir *Richard Granville's* Disgrace; and that, Sir, is the true State of the Case.

You

You except against my being too general in my Expression of *Royalists* in *Cornwal*: There were some, you say, who were not: If there were, I hope it will give no Offence to forget it: I would have every thing forgotten that could bring to mind the Memory of any Disunion, where I wish Peace, Amity, and good Neighbourhood to reign for ever, without Interruption. The King himself made no Distinction, as may be read at this Day within the Walls of almost all the Churches and Chapels in the County, from a Letter writ with his Majesty's own Hand, and address'd to the whole County without Exception. It is so strong a Testimony of the Heroick Virtue of that galant Body of Men, and of the Universality of their Loyalty, that I will give you the trouble of reading it.

CHARLES REX.

“ WE are so highly sensible of the extraordinary
 “ Merits of our County of *Cornwal*, of their
 “ Zeal for the Defence of Our Person, and the just
 “ Rights of our Crown, in a Time when we could
 “ contribute so little to our own Defence, or to their
 “ Assistance: In a Time when not only no Reward
 “ appeared, but great and probable Dangers were
 “ threaten'd to Obedience and Loyalty; of their
 “ great

“ great and eminent Courage and Patience, in their
“ indefatigable Prosecution of their great Work against
“ so potent an Enemy, back’d with so strong, rich,
“ and populous Cities, and so plentifully furnish’d with
“ Men, Arms, Money, Ammunition, and Provisions
“ of all kinds: And of the wonderful Success with
“ which it has pleased Almighty God (tho’ with
“ the Loss of some eminent Persons who shall
“ never be forgotten by us, to reward their Loyalty
“ and Patience) to prosper their Arms by many and
“ strange Victories over their and our Enemies, in
“ despite of all Human Probabilities, and all imagi-
“ nable Disadvantages. That as we cannot be forget-
“ ful of so great Deserts, so we cannot but desire to
“ publish to all the World, and to perpetuate to all
“ Time the Memory of their Merits, and of our Ac-
“ ceptance of the same; and to that end we do here-
“ by render our Royal Thanks to that our County
“ in the most publick and lasting manner we can de-
“ vise, commanding Copies hereof to be printed and
“ publish’d, and one of them to be read in every
“ Church and Chapel therein, and to be kept for e-
“ ver as a Record in the same: That as long as the
“ History of these Times and of this Nation shall con-
“ tinue, the Memory of how much that County has
“ merited

“merited from Us and Our Crown, may be deriyed
 “with it to Posterity.”

*Given at Our Camp at Sudly-Castle, the 10th
 Day of September, 1643.*

From this Letter alone, so full of Royal Acknowledgments, you may judge a little better what those courageous *Cornish* Men were capable of performing, and that it would not have been so easy a matter to beat them into the Sea.

But how unnatural it looks, say you, to hear People talk of Principles of Honour, when they are in Arms against the Interest and Liberty of their Country, and indeed of untainted Loyalty, when they are doing what they can to destroy the Constitution, &c. These are your Words.

Is it not much more unnatural to suppose that the Persons of highest Birth, possess of the first Dignities, the greatest Interest, the amplest Possessions, and the largest Property in their Country, should renounce Liberty to become Slaves, Abettors of Tyranny, Promoters of lawless Power, to their own Destruction, and the Ruine of their Families? Would not the Rich and the Great, by whom Tyrants could get most, and of whom they must naturally be most jealous

lous, be the first Sacrifice? Has not the first Step to Tyranny been always to begin with those who are ablest to resist it? Can any thing be so absurd and unnatural as such a Supposition? When the House is burned down, the Master, sure, is the last to be suspected of setting it on fire.

I would fain persuade you, Sir, to have softer Thoughts of so many noble Persons as died for the King, they certainly believed at the same time that they died for Liberty, and the Interest of their Country.

Liberty, in its Beauty, not deformed by Licentiousness; true Liberty; Liberty consistent with Decorum, Order, Discipline, and good Government: This is the Liberty which real Patriots contend for; this is the Liberty our Ancestors fought for; this was the Liberty that fell with the King.

The Event prov'd it: For what succeeded but savage Liberty, the Liberty of Beasts, not Men? Confusion, Anarchy, Envy, Hatred, Malice, Pride, Slander, Hypocrisy, Atheism, Murder, horrid Murder!----- the Murder of a King. The very Being of a God brought in question, and the divine Attributes of his Son disputed: More Plagues than were contained in *Pandora's* Box let loose all at once; nor is the Air yet cleared of the Infection. Is not this true?

true? Was it not Fact? So true that the *Presbyterians* themselves were involved in the Ruine, and could find no way out of it, but by returning back to that Regal Power they had before destroyed.

Excuse me then, Sir, if I can no more allow the King's Friends to have been Traitors to their Country, than you can allow his Subjects in Arms against him to have been Rebels.

As nothing is so disingenuous as to have recourse to Sophistry and Logical Evasions, to avoid the Shame of confessing an Error, I shall make use of no such Art to defend my self against a Mistake into which I was led by the Date of the Publication of the Bishop's History: *D'Estrade's* Letters appear'd several Years before the Publication, but not till after the Bishop's Death; so that there is room for Excuse, as far as it tends to clear my Lord *Clarendon*, the plain Conviction not appearing till afterwards: But in finding Excuses for that noble Lord, where was the Necessity of charging an innocent Man? If his Prejudice to the Duke of *Albemarle* had not transported him to that, I should have been silent: My Design not being to inquire into Faults, but to clear Innocence.

Where there is the least room for Excuse, I am always for allowing it: But granting that Indulgence in the

the Case of the Sale of *Dunkirk*, the Bishop still continues involv'd in the Reflexion of Wilful Error in the Case of the *Portugal Match*; that was a Point of History cleared up long before: You your self, Sir, have enforced my Evidence upon that Head, by a Passage from *A. Wood*, wherein it is said, that the Earl of *Bristol* being charged with negotiating a Match with the Princess of *Parma*, the Earl of *Clarendon* broke all his Measures, by contriving the Match with *Katharine the Infanta of Portugal*.

And here I cannot but observe, that *Rapin*, who wrote after them all, is by far the most guilty, for instead of clearing the Truth, which he could not but be fully enlightned to do, he contents himself only with translating, almost *verbatim*, *Echard's Account*, which you own to have been a ridiculous one, and reports it after him, not doubtfully, but affirmatively. His Word, it seems, is not to be taken for every Passage he relates, nor are we bound to implicit Belief, because ----- *Rapin* says it.

And now, Sir, it is high time to shake Hands and be Friends. I have the Pleasure to find you allow in the whole, that I have made good my Charge upon my Lord *Clarendon* and Mr. Archdeacon, in those Instances which I undertook to prove: But you triumph too much: Believe me, Sir, you are too extreme

treme in your Remarks and Defiances: The noble Historian being found guilty of some passionate Misrepresentations will by no means excuse the Bishop, where he appears guilty of the same, or much greater. Have a care of Arguments which may turn against your self. *Judge not, lest ye be judged.*

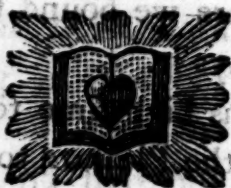
I am S I R,

Your humble Servant,

OLD-WINDSOR,

Aug. 22, 1732.

LANSDOWNE.



LETTER

LETTER

To my Nephew ^xMr. BEVIL GRANVILLE, upon his
entering into Holy Orders.

WHEN I look upon the Date of your last Letter, I must own my self blameable for not having sooner return'd you my Thanks for it.

I approve very well of your Resolution of dedicating your self to the Service of God: You could not choose a better Master, provided you have so sufficiently searched your Heart, as to be persuaded you can serve him well: In so doing, you may secure to your self many Blessings in this World, as well as a sure Expectation in the next.

There is one thing which I perceive you have not yet thoroughly purged your self from, which is Flattery: You have bestowed so much of that upon me in your Letter, that I hope you have no more left, and that you meant it only to take your Leave of such Flights of Fancy, which however well meant, oftner put a Man out of countenance, than oblige him.

You

x This young Gentleman afterwards quitted his Gown for the Sword & took a Commission in the army - He was the youngest son of Bernard Granville, (youngest Bro. of L. Langdown) & died at Jamaica in April 1736

You are now become a Searcher after Truth: I shall hereafter take it more kindly to be justly reprov'd by you, than to be undeservedly complimented.

I would not have you understand me as if I recommended to you a four Presbyterian Severity; that is yet more to be avoided. Advice, like Physick, should be so sweeten'd and prepared as to be made palatable, or Nature may be apt to revolt against it. Be always sincere, but at the same time always polite: Be humble, without descending from your Character; reprove and correct without offending good Manners: To be a Cynick is as bad as to be a Sycophant. You are not to lay aside the Gentleman with your Sword, nor to put on the Gown to hide your Birth and Good-breeding, but to adorn it.

Such has been the Malice of the World from the beginning, that Pride, Avarice, and Ambition have been charged upon the Priesthood in all Ages, in all Countries, and in all Religions: What they are most obliged to combat against in their Pulpits, they are most accused of encouraging in their Conduct. It behoves you therefore to be more upon your guard in this, than in any other Profession: Let your Example confirm your Doctrine; and let no Man ever have it in his Power to reproach you with practising contrary to what you preach.

You

You had an Uncle, Dr. *Dennis Granville*, Dean of *Durham*, whose Memory I shall ever revere, make him your Example. Sanctity sat so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very Beauty of Holiness: He was as chearful, as familiar, and condescending in his Conversation, as he was strict, regular and exemplary in his Piety: As well-bred and accomplished as a Courtier, as reverend and venerable as an Apostle: He was indeed in every thing Apostolical, for he abandoned all to follow his Lord and Master.

May you resemble him! May he revive in you! May his Spirit descend upon you as *Elijah's* upon *Elisha*! And may the great God of Heaven in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious Resolutions, pour down his best and choicest Blessings upon you!

You shall ever find me, dear Nephew, your most affectionate Uncle, and sincere Friend, &c.

LANSDOWNE.

F I N I S.

